10 March 1978 25p USA & Canada $1 By Air

NEW STATESMAN

Ambassador College
APR 24 1978
LIBRARY

Max Braun
Sell-out in Salisbury

Jeremy Bugler: The Windscale Verdict
Mary Morgan on A Schoolteachers' Ménage
John Bayley on Robert Lowell
Russell Davies: Torture M. R. D. Foot: Vichy France
Stephen Koss: Cartoon History

Safety with Jim?

'Tis not in mortals to command success, but the masochistic way in which Labour's front bench apologists explain away each failure is becoming depressing. The party concedes a punishing defeat in an average London suburb – very well then, say the wiseacres, it wasn't as bad as it might have been. Had the defeat been even worse, the same party pundits were all ready to announce that it was due to the Tory 'exploitation' of an issue which Labour, if you please, would rather keep 'out of politics'. Either way, the point is missed. Psephological projections from Ilford alone are unconvincing, though sobering. But one finding is consistent with other results and trends, and that is the total eclipse of the Liberal Party as an electoral force. That, anyway, is serious enough. Labour regained power largely because of the number of disillusioned middle-class voters who fell for Jeremy Thorpe in 1974. If this volatile and indecisive constituency should melt back into Toryism, then the game is very nearly up.

Not that this has been the sole blind-spot of Labour's political strategy. Rather, the Government exudes an emollience and a complacency with which it is difficult to sympathise. It relies – erratically – on the alleged anti-vote generated by Margaret Thatcher. It rests – very uncertainly – on the continued loyalty of trade unionists under a Labour government. It argues – with tongue in cheek – that there is real improvement in the position of inflation and unemployment; while all economic indicators agree that the amelioration is in the shortest of short terms. The whole scene begins to take on the gruesome features of another 1970, with the entrails of opinion pollsters doing duty for commitment and intelligence.

Hubris and nemesis remain very close relatives. A range of neglected issues have sprung to prominence and left Labour's leading spokesman looking and sounding like empty vessels. The fiasco of the Devolution Bill has created a feeling of immense cynicism in Scotland, a feeling which will translate into votes especially among the young electors who have no historic commitment to Labour. The Tory manoeuvre over power-sharing in Ulster has opened up a perspective for a renewed deal between themselves and the more primitive Unionist MPs. On the matter of race and immigration, the Conservatives have not just stooped but conquered. They have turned it into an electoral issue in a very short time indeed, and effectively silenced criticism of the move within their own ranks. On Rhodesia, too, the Tory line has been raucous and simplistic without – yet – breaking the bipartisan consensus. The Fleet Street presentation of all these issues could have been scripted by Bertolt Brecht, so closely does it follow the imperatives of the reactionary rich man's press.

All of this is what one might have expected from the sort of Toryism which is now abroad in the land. What is disheartening is the bloodless response of the Government, which pushes the disfigured Devolution Bill into the House of Lords, clutches at the slightest wrinkle in the graph of the economy, and takes its own supporters for granted.

Mr Callaghan undoubtedly feels that he is a good judge of the national pulse and the popular temperature. He has confidence in his own brand of conservatism, and in the populist instincts which have served his own career so well. He already seems to be positioning himself for playing the part of the man in the middle – the merchant of reassurance standing, as it were, between the extremes of Left and Right. It is a curious posture for a socialist prime minister and it by no means promises a sure defence at a time when the Tory Party is pawing the ground and scenting blood. Nor is it the cleverest response to the erosion of Labour's historic support, or to the collapse of the Liberal vote. Surrounded as they are with experts, courtiers and permanent civil servants, Labour ministers seem to be falling for their own propaganda about national unity. A Conservative election victory would indeed be a national disaster – on a grander scale than many people recognise – but it will not be forestalled by relying exclusively on an appeal for 'Safety First'. When Stanley Baldwin first used that slogan (in 1929) he did not, after all, win the election.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Spotlight on Politics

James Fenton

Poor Mr Steel

It would be a great pity if there was no more Liberal Party. I mean, I know it sounds soppy but life would be much less colourful. No more Liberals, no more Young Liberals, no more great Liberal issues, no more Assemblies in the smaller seaside resorts, no more commissions swilling coffee and denouncing the iniquitous Water Boards, no more plans for the abolition of income tax, no more nice Liberals, no more nasty Liberals, no more boring Liberals, no more bonkers Liberals, and no more of those fascinating combinations of character – nice-nasty, nice-boring, nasty-bonkers, bonkers-boring – which give the Liberal Party its unique flavour. John Pardoe, for instance, is an aspirant nasty, which was why he was sent to the Treasury to tackle the Blob (genuine nasty). Alas, he found himself completely outclassed in every respect. He would be much better off if he came to terms with his own nature (nice-bonkers). David Steel, on the other hand, is a natural nasty who has spent his life in training to be nice. It's a bit late, alas, for him to turn really nasty in order to fight what will obviously be a very nasty election, but he's having a go, and his speech last Saturday has been widely interpreted as his opening salvo in the now-we-turn-nasty campaign.

Typically, with the Liberals, the issue is one of no great public concern – the reorganisation of the electricity industry. Typically, the figure at the centre of attention is a man of ambiguous character, David Penhaligon. You might think, to see him speaking at Liberal Assemblies, that Penhaligon is pure nice. He is a favourite with the crowd. He knows his virtues as a speaker – his strong Cornish accent, his ability to turn on the comic charm and to inject an element of fun into the proceedings. That his voice is high and thin might be thought a disadvantage. In fact it helps him, since his individual squeak can always be distinguished above the hubbub, in much the same way as the pure tone of a flute can always be heard through a symphony orchestra. Good orators have often had odd voices, while people with good, firm voices (one thinks of David Owen, for instance) have often been surprisingly dull orators. Penhaligon is the best public performer in his party. One has to remind oneself, in moments when one thinks of him as nice, that he voted with Cyril Smith in favour of hanging, last time it was debated. This is the reason that he became known as Penhooligan.

So Penhooligan has decided that Benn must be stopped in his tracks (hanged, perhaps) and Steel, in supporting him, has shown that the Liberals are not going to be taken for granted. He had to say something, after all, and a little Bennery-bashing seemed to fit the bill. Steel is in a very awkward position, as the result of the Ilford by-election has shown. Mrs Thatcher has marched away with a large portion of his votes (nearly three-quarters of them, apparently) and the polls show that the pact is unpopular with the Liberal switchers. Steel, of course, has always argued that it would be unpopular, until it began to show results. The trouble is going to be deciding how to prove results. At Blackpool, among the party faithful, this was not too much of a problem. But what about in the country at large? Does Steel propose to run a barn-storming election on the slogan 'Vote for the party which blocked the proposed reorganisation of the electricity industry'? It doesn't sound exactly catchy.

Or is the slogan to be 'Vote for the men who put the boot into Benn'? In that case we come to the central problem in Steel's strategy, which is how to establish an exclusive appeal with the electorate. After all, if people believe that Benn is wild and irresponsible, their safest course is to vote for Thatcher. If people want safety above all else, their wisest course would be to plump for Callaghan. If people believe that the 'left-wing tail is wagging the Labour dog' (an extraordinary belief), the Tories have long been eloquent on the point. If people want more of the same poison, they will know where to go to get it.

Poor Mr Steel. The time is fast approaching when he must bring the affair with Labour to an end, as he made clear in Blackpool that he would. But the trouble is there is no glory for him in doing so. Callaghan no doubt will be very understanding: 'All right, I realise, you've got your job to do and I've got mine. We've worked together through some hard times, and I must say I've admired your responsibility, etcetera, etcetera.' But then Steel has to say to the country that whereas the necessity in the past was to keep the Labour show on the road, now everything has changed. The more he condemns Labour, the more he condemns his own record, and the more the pact appears to have been a gigantic swindleroo.

It can hardly be said that Steel's leadership of the party began in the most favourable conditions. The Liberal vote was already falling away. There was the protracted agony of the Thorpe affair – the committee-room kangaroo court, the antics of Cyril Smith, the press publicity. Then there was the period of real failure of nerve after Thorpe's resignation, when it actually seemed as if Jo Grimond was to be brought back as leader. This proving impossible, the Liberals began their leadership election campaign, which might well have provided good publicity had the candidates been better matched. Instead, the anguish associated with the party was converted into hilarity overnight. A period of calm followed, and by the time of Steel's first assembly as leader, in Llandudno 1976, it looked as if the wounds had been healed. Steel was received with more than customary adoration, and produced something very like a sermon outlining his vision for the future. It went down well – perhaps because, deeply embedded in the Liberal mentality, there is a feeling that nothing said at conferences will ever actually come about. In the following year, however, it did all come about, and the opportunity to test the new Liberal strategy was taken.

It was not, perhaps, the best opportunity to take. If there had been a general election followed by a hung parliament, Steel might have started off in a better bargaining position with more to gain in legislative terms. Instead, coming in to rescue an unpopular government during a mid-term crisis, he got the worst sort of deal. It is significant that whereas the pact dominated the debates in the subsequent Liberal Assembly, the Labour conference last year more or less ignored the subject. Whatever the initial feelings on the Labour side had been, there were few misgivings by October. Nothing much, it was felt, was being given away. The pact has always meant more to the Liberals than it has to Labour. But to the occasional Liberal voter it has meant the removal of a certain alternative – the Liberal vote is seen as a Labour vote.

So what runs through Steel's mind, as he lies awake in the uncanny stillness of the night? (I'm guessing that the nights at Ettrick Bridge are uncannily still. They may of course be one long riot and debauch.) Does he not think that perhaps he missed his one great chance at the time of Mrs Thatcher's attempted putsch? To have salvaged what popularity he could by bringing down an unpopular government, to have got the inevitable disastrous election over with, would that not have been better? And does he not worry that, in the present circumstances, the eventual reckoning will be the cruellest yet? The advantage Steel had, the thing that recommended him to his party, was his clear conception of a strategy. He can hardly argue that his strategy has not been tried – nor will he do so. But if the strategy is tried and fails, it is difficult to see what the party is going to do next. They are running out of ideas. The ideas may already have run out.

NEW STATESMAN

Vol 95 No 2451

Published weekly at Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ Tel: 01-405 8471
© 1978
The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co Ltd

Annual Subscription Rates

By surface mail	UK £12.50 Overseas £14 USA $30
By air mail	Europe £17.50 Middle East £19 Africa, India £20 USA, Canada $40 Australia, NZ, Far East £21

For details of student rates write to The Subscriptions Supervisor at the above address.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

R. W. Johnson & D. B. Goldey*

Mixed Blessings on the French Left

British socialists may be forgiven for rubbing their eyes in disbelief as they look across the Channel. The French Left, with a stable 51.2 per cent in the polls, stands within sight of its first electoral victory in the Fifth Republic. The Labour Party has never had it so good, and the parties of the French Left are all ostensibly more radical than Labour. Yet the Communists (PCF) and Socialists (PS) are locked in a deadly game of political 'chicken'. The PCF threatens to keep its candidates in against better placed Socialists on the second ballot unless the PS first signs a comprehensive policy agreement. The PS claims it already has an agreed policy – the Common Programme – and refuses to bargain further under threat. The continuation of this squabble constitutes the Right's best and only hope of victory. Even if one believes suicide to be no crime, it seems an odd moment to choose.

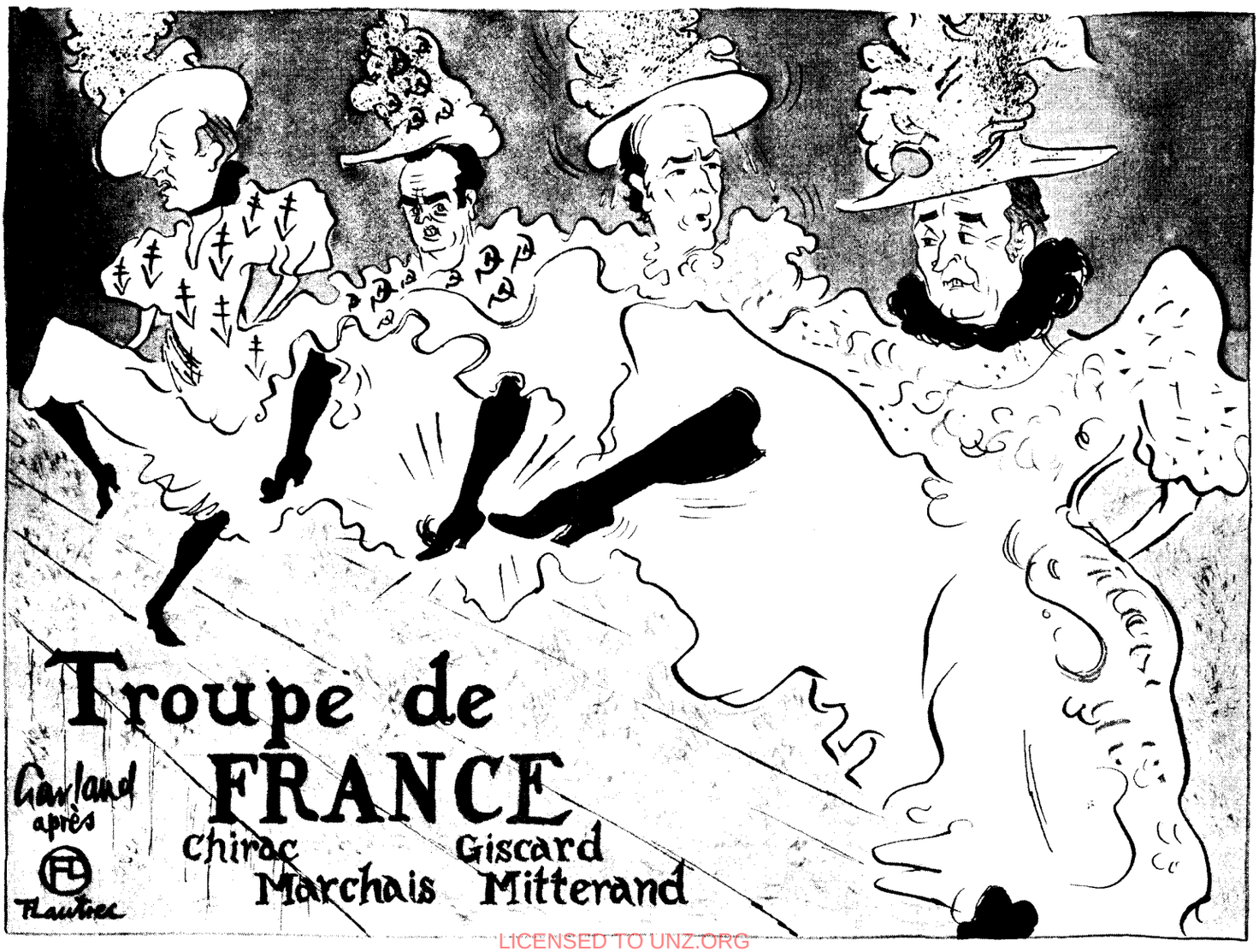
In fact, a battle between the two parties for supremacy on the Left has been on the cards ever since the Gaullists achieved a parliamentary majority and instituted direct presidential elections in 1962. These two changes forced the parties of the Left first into a casual electoral affair and then into political cohabitation. Failure to stand down for each other on the second ballot in general elections could only mean continued political isolation and impotence for the PCF and electoral catastrophe for the PS. United behind a single presidential candidate (Mitterrand) in 1965 they fared well; disunited in 1969, they trailed behind the Centre and were not even qualified to stand in the run-off. In 1967 and 1973 there were successful national electoral agreements; in 1972 a Common Programme; in 1974, a common candidate (Mitterrand) for the presidency. Finally, in 1977, they pushed their alliance down to the grass roots running joint municipal lists in almost all the major cities.

Both parties needed the alliance but otherwise their strategies were contradictory. To win wider support in general and Socialist collaboration in particular the PCF turned its back on its Stalinist past. It had to break out of its Cold War ghetto, and to this end needed a plausible Socialist partner of a leftish hue to act as a way back into mainstream politics. But such a revived party had to be made dependent on the PCF: by forcing it to abandon its old Centre allies for a programme of structural reform. It would then rely on the PCF to get its candidates home on the second ballot, and to hold on to its town halls, the effective basis of PS organisation. That would guarantee that the PS could not go whoring off after its former allies without risking internal splits and electoral suicide. That is, the PFC wanted a kid brother, dependent enough to be dependable, but plausible enough to help make the PCF respectable and attract new recruits.

The PS, for its part, needed a PCF hand to help it out of its long-term decline, for the Socialists had lost the centrist vote, now sucked into the Gaullist electorate. Accordingly, the PS first accepted PCF second ballot support *faute de mieux*, and then as a means to restore their party and win power. It was clear, however, that voters would never return to office a Left in which the PCF was predominant. So the PS would have to push the PCF further along the democratic road, steal its support, and turn *it* into its side-kick. PCF voters, swept along by the wave of unity, would provide the PS with tame second ballot support; the veto power of their leader over the Left would be broken; and with it, the monopoly of the Right over government.

The trouble was that everybody won, so

R. W. Johnson and D. B. Goldey are both Fellows in Politics at Oxford. This is the first of three reports from them on the French elections.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all had to have prizes. The PCF attenuated its attachment to Moscow and to dogmas such as the dictatorship of the proletariat; after ten years of trying it got the PS committed to a Common Programme and to sharing its municipal power. The party captured an increasing share of the working class vote – 31 per cent in 1967, 33 per cent in 1973, and 36 per cent by 1977 – and party membership doubled from its mid-1960s low. Thanks to the alliance, the PCF greatly extended its municipal base. So far, so good.

But the PCF expected that, as before, a popular front would bring it disproportionate gains – and the opposite happened. PS gains were perhaps less secure, but certainly more striking. By 1974 it was well ahead in the polls (a record 35 per cent) while its share of the working-class vote rose from 18 per cent in 1967 to 28 per cent in 1977. The (pro-PS) CFDT union displayed renewed vitality while PCF control of the rival CGT was no longer unchallenged. The party was thus threatened at its core and in its public, for it fell to 18 per cent in the polls where it had been the leading party of the Left in 60 per cent of the constituencies in 1962, by 1978 it was ahead in only a third.

The irresistible rise of the PS meant a humiliating demotion for what had long been the first party of the Left. Worse, it devalued their object of unity and symbol of Socialist subordination: the Common Programme. In Communist eyes the PS remained, unalterably, a reformist party of class collaboration. In the best of times, the PCF counted on its supremacy within the Left to hold the PS to its promises for structural reforms – and to key posts for Communist leaders in any Left government. Now the PCF had lost its predominance and these were not the best of times: the Programme had been signed in 1972 in the euphoria of a world boom and now there was a world recession.

The PCF thus faced the prospect of helping to power a PS over which it would have only minimal control. If the PS reneged on the Programme but succeeded in office, the PCF would be powerless to stop it, and unable to keep its own support from slipping away. If things went badly – as they were likely to, since Giscard as President has the power to dissolve – it would be blamed for the disaster.

So, from the autumn of 1974, the PCF began a bitter rearguard action against the PS – with brief intervals for the (1976) cantonal and (1977) municipal elections – as a prelude to the removal of the Common Programme in 1977. Seeking compensation for its electoral weakness in organisational trumps, the PCF demanded a major enlargement of (and control over) the state sector, and control over local government too. If conceded, they would re-establish the ideological primacy of the party on the Left and provide it with the power and patronage to nurture its following whatever happened to a Left government. If refused, the party had the justification necessary to denounce its pact with the PS. Mitterrand turned them down and the negotiations collapsed in disarray last September.

Since then, the PCF has mounted an unremitting anti-PS campaign mixed with a 'soak the rich' populism. Mitterrand conceded to the CFDT what he had refused the CGT: the rise in the minimum wage to £250 a month. The long-term PCF campaign has had some effect: the party recovered its old 21 per cent while the PS has fallen to 28 per cent. In the short run it has sustained party support, while sapping a necessary attribute of any electoral combine in the Fifth Republic: the likelihood that electoral allies will govern together in a stable combination. And it has discouraged inexperienced Socialist party workers and new PS converts – mostly Catholic – who desire social justice without party political conflict. Catholic support for the Left has fallen from 32 per cent in 1976 to 23 per cent now.

Ironically, the lesser willingness of PS voters to back Communists on the second ballot means that PCF gains could prevent a Left victory. If the PCF win 19 per cent on the first round, the Left needs only 51.2 per cent to win in the second; with the PCF at 21 per cent, the Left will need 52 per cent; and if the PCF reached 22 per cent the Left would need 52.9 per cent. But if the PCF does badly, it has no incentive to help the PS. If it really refused to stand down for the PS, it might keep 80 per cent of its support, but the loss of a million votes on the second ballot would confirm its minority position. It would also cost the PS power, destroy beyond recall the unity of the Left, and undo 20 years' patient Communist effort.

The price is so high that some compromise seems inescapable. But the worm is in the rose. Even if the parties make peace, not all their supporters will follow. Already the polemic has reminded plenty of Communists just how much they dislike the Socialists – and even more Socialists and Centrists how far they distrust the PCF, and of how much it remains '*un parti pas comme les autres*'.

Paris

Alexander Cockburn

Carter and the Coal Miners

The nature of the desperate battle now being fought in the coalfields of Appalachia can be partially evoked by quotation of the sentiments of George Baer, a coal baron active at the turn of the century. 'The rights and interests of the labouring man', he declared in 1902 'will be protected and cared for not by the labour agitators but by the Christian men to whom God, in his infinite wisdom, has given control of the property interests of the country.' Baer's words are apt today. At the heart of the coal strike, now entering its fourth month, is not the question of dollars and cents, but whether the United Mineworkers – the bedrock of organised labour in the years after the second world war – will survive in any effective form.

Inept though his performance has been from the start, President Carter is still proclaiming the even-handedness of his Administration's approach: neutral mediation between the coal companies and the mineworkers. But its invocation of the Taft-Hartley Act, and consequent attempt to force an 80-day 'cooling-off period' has certainly left the mineworkers in Appalachia convinced that the state is effectively supporting a contract which will set them back 30 years. Widescale defiance of Taft-Hartley is in consequence virtually assured, and with it the spectre of prolonged, bitter violence in the coalfields. Where De Gaulle and Heath have failed before, Carter too may now stumble. It is evident that he and his advisers had little comprehension of the passions aroused in the union's rank-and-file by the contract agreed between the UMWA leadership and the coal companies' bargaining body – the Bituminous Coal Operators' Association (BCOA).

In the years following the second world war John L. Lewis, the creator of the UMW as a major industrial force, extracted from the Government and subsequently from the coal companies a health and retirement plan funded by a royalty income based on tonnage of coal produced. These health and pension benefits, paid for by the mining companies, provided a modicum – pitifully little – of security for the mineworkers and were, since it had effective control of the funds, the union's greatest source of strength.

Last year, when the mineworkers were surveyed on their demands in the upcoming contract, they cited health benefits first, pensions second and wages third. Yet the contract supported by the Administration and rejected by these same miners went in exactly the opposite direction. The famous 37-per-cent wage and benefit increase breaks down to 31-per-cent in wages and 6 per cent in fringe benefits. Above all, Arnold Miller, the erratic and feeble leader of the union, negotiated away the free health and retirement plan won by Lewis in 1950. Instead the royalties from tonnage produced will be invested in company-run schemes with front-end deductibles for the miners.

Surveying the contract, the normally rabid pro-industry editorialists of the *Wall Street Journal* concluded last Tuesday that they too would have voted against it. The 31-per-cent increase, they remarked, actually worked out, once inflation and other factors are taken into account, to a 9.6-per-cent rise over three years, and once the new expenses for health were taken into account 'There is no small chance that they (the miners) will end up going backwards'. Since Carter has vacillated between calling this same contract either 'just' or 'inflationary' or both it is piquant to find the *Journal* saying that 'it is not the workers but the negotiators who need a cooling-off period.'

The strategy of the coal companies has been clear enough. Perceiving a union rent by internal dissension and equipped with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a signally weak leader they went for broke in the bargaining: until the miners rejected the contract last weekend they triumphed. In addition to the central attack on the health and retirement funds they won drastic curtailments in the right to strike, and significant erosion of grievance and safety procedures.

What is essentially a defensive struggle being waged by the UMW members must be set in the context of the national energy economy. In the years after the war Lewis decided that coal, to survive, had to remain competitive with oil. To this end – often by direct investment of union funds in coal companies – he supported concentration and mechanisation of the industry. In the 1950s over 3 million people left Appalachia in the largest internal migration in American history. Many of the Auto workers, whose union this week gave $2m. to the UMW, come from traditional mining families.

But by the 1960s the oil companies, observing a gradual shift of the country's energy base, began to invest directly in coal. They are now as dominant, if not more so, in the industry, as corporations such as US Steel. They stand poised for vast strip-mine exploitation of the eastern slopes of the Rockies. The Administration's national energy plan is presently predicated on a doubling of coal production to over 1,000m. tons by 1985. The UMW is almost non-existent in the West. Only in its original strongholds does it remain precariously in a position to bargain with an industry anticipating enormous increase in production and indeed the recruitment of 100,000 additional workers for the deep mines in the East.

The stakes are thus high indeed. If the UMW can be broken, the energy companies will have attained almost total dominance over their workforce. And here differences in strategy among the companies will become evident in the immediate future.

Thus far the mineworkers, fighting both their own leadership as well as the companies, have managed to remain united. The Administration, having miscalculated the depth of resentment against the contract as well as against invocation of Taft-Hartley, is already gesturing lamely towards the option it has so far avoided and which the mineworkers would have preferred: namely, Government seizure of the mines. Such seizure, requiring an Act of Congress, would allow the Administration to negotiate directly with the union and subsequently hand an agreed contract back to the coal companies. It was after such seizures in the 1940s that the companies finally settled with Lewis.

The Administration has few options. As supplies dwindle in many of the Central and Eastern industrial states it cannot force the miners to dig the coal. Reaping the benefits of horizontal integration in the energy industry it could offer other inducements to the oil and steel companies to moderate their stance on the contract. Above all this business-oriented regime does not relish so overt a struggle with so determined a body of representatives of the other America.

New York

Jeremy Bugler

The Windscale Verdict

When Peter Shore rose to speak in the House on Monday afternoon and deployed the adjectives 'masterly' and 'persuasive', the Callaghan Government conceivably may have announced the decision for which it will be most remembered. The cabinet's approval of Mr Justice Parker's report and its decision to proceed with the Windscale reprocessing plant (unless Parliament pulls it up in the brief time allotted to it), marks a sea-change in nuclear politics. No need to equivocate: Parker and the cabinet alter Britain from a nation a little sullenly acquiescing in non-proliferation policies to a country on the nuclear offensive. We are to become atomic hard-liners. Callaghan has not turned his back on President Carter's attempts to stop nuclear weapons seeping into all corners of the world; he has marched off in the opposite direction. Carter will now be under heavier pressure from nuclear interests in the US, while Britain dresses up to become, in the late 1980s, principal purveyors of plutonium.

If that reads bluntly, it is nothing to Mr Justice Parker's report. Seldom can there have been an inquiry report that cared so little for the appearance of even-handedness. At first glance, Parker brings to it the fine gift of simplifying he displayed through the hundred days in Whitehaven's civic hall. There he could cut through a briar-bush of contentions and lo! – there was light. But when writing rather than speaking, Parker begins to over-simplify. Essential qualifications are forgotten. In an odd way, this master clarifier ends up by muddying the water and giving the report a strong sense of his own personality.

Oversimplification is at the root of the report's most cardinal failure: its handling of the proliferation issue. Here Parker is never on sound ground. He intends to show

'Who says we have no role in world affairs?'

that Windscale reprocessing, in returning separated plutonium to a nation that before had only fuel elements, does not add to proliferation risks. He argues that if weapon-states like Britain do not offer reprocessing services, then non-weapon states may be forced to develop them themselves. But nowhere does he discuss the *likelihood* of, say, Taiwan or the Philippines developing its own Windscale when, for one thing, the history of reprocessing is littered with plant failures (West Valley; Norris, Illinois; Windscale's B204) and, for another, the price tag for a reprocessing plant is colossal. These qualifications are just lost.

Along with them disappears the qualification that Britain, by opting for reprocessing, will legitimise the building of such plants elsewhere for strictly military purposes. 'I'm not very keen on reprocessing' said Callaghan in Pakistan recently. Now the Pakistanis or, say, the military in Brazil, need only smirk at English hypocrisy and say: 'We only do as the Brits do.'

Or take Parker's contention that the plutonium being sent back to Japan or Argentina can be in the form of 'highly irradiated fuel rods', a method known as 'spiking', to prevent misuse. He forgets the qualifications again: that radiation declines after a short-ish period, and 'spiking' utterly changes the Windscale operation and its economics. To return 'ploot' so spiked, British Nuclear Fuels will have to know the design details of each foreign reactor it is serving, fabricate the fuel correctly and then build plant to do the irradiating. BNFL's task is enormously more complicated. Moreover, only three years ago the US Nuclear Regulatory Commission concluded that spiking would not be effective 100 per cent against terrorists, let alone rogue governments. Slipshod is not too hard a word for this piece of Parker.

Parker is a judge, and reading this report you are seldom allowed to forget it. It is not just that he inclines to arrogance, though he does, nor that he snorts from the bench 'emotive nonsense'. It is as if somehow his training has not equipped him to deal with the broad, qualitative issues. When Parker tries to grapple with the real problem that a nuclear energy society might have to restrict civil liberties, he flounders in the shallows. He ends up, lamely, saying:

> The most one can do, as it seems to me, is to require the Government should ensure that the interference with our liberties goes no further than our protection demands and that there should be some Minister answerable to Parliament if interference goes further than this.

Yet here we are talking of an infrastructural change to the very nature of society, brought about by one energy form but not by any of the alternatives.

More revealing even is Parker's attempt to grapple with public hostility to nuclear energy – a force now in most European

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

countries and in some of them strong enough to threaten governments. Parker gives less than two pages to this question, on which he received a mound of evidence. Eccentrically, he devotes most of this space to writing about an anti-nuclear film he did not like. He concludes loftily: 'No weight at all can be given to a number of opinion polls and petitions to which I was referred.'

The more you examine it, the more bizarre the Parker report appears. Serious technical problems about waste disposal (vitrification) are dismissed with an airy 'success can confidently be predicted'. (Parker forgot the frontispiece quotation to the Royal Commission Report: 'If a problem is too difficult to solve, one cannot claim that it is solved by pointing to all the efforts made to solve it.') Strong evidence put to the inquiry, suggesting that the nuclear inspectors may be too close for comfort to the industry they are meant to be controlling, is rebutted only by an angry disclaimer. Parker behaves as if an inner sanctum is being threatened by rude trouble-makers. The sense of an established man defending his territory is at times over-powering. Parker ceases to offer a report, more a polemic. The tone even becomes bigoted.

One reason why this matters is that until now the anti-nuclear forces in Britain have shown themselves willing to protest 'within the system'. In sharp contrast to French or German opponents, they have argued that society can be persuaded from nuclear power. But Parker does not offer dialogue. He gives no credit to the groups and people that, at personal great cost, mounted the public debate Labour called for. This almost amounts to dereliction of duty, and it will not be surprising if the anti-nuclear movement here now changes its approach.

Of course, there is still Parliament. It has a few brief weeks allotted by the cabinet to discuss Parker. MPs so far have a poor record on nuclear power, not giving the social issues a full airing until as late as December last year. Members of Parliament in Holland, say, shame Westminster in their vigilance. Peter Shore's strange device for Windscale, a special Development Order, gives Parliament a late chance to consider whether Britain should become the reprocessing front-runner.

Ian Black

Waiting for Hussein

It's all quiet on Israel's eastern front and that, for a change, is the problem. The recent stream of important visitors to the Jordanian capital, including America's increasingly impassive roving Alfred Atherton and Britain's Dr Owen bears eloquent witness to the significance attached by the great and not so great powers to bringing King Hussein into the faltering Middle East peace process. So far, though, all attempts to persuade the Jordanian monarch to take the plunge have failed, and he last week unequivocally reiterated to Atherton that his country will not join the Egyptian-Israeli dialogue until Israel gives a concrete commitment to a total withdrawal to the pre-1967 frontiers and self-determination for the Palestinians. Future action, if any, is likely to take place in Washington next week where Prime Minister Begin, flanked uneasily by Dayan and Defence Minister Ezer Weizman, can expect fairly unnerving scenes with President Carter and State Department officials; but out here, in the battle zone, all eyes are on Jordan.

Since the Sadat initiative began – so long ago, it seems now – the Egyptian President has to all intents and purposes been isolated in the Arab world. While, on the one hand, the exigencies and constraints of inter-Arab politics require him to find a partner for his peace offensive, he must, on the other hand, try to wean Jordan away from Syria, which he sees as representing Soviet influence in the area. The recent defence deal worked out between Moscow and Syrian President Assad seemed to underline Sadat's fears.

As for Jordan itself, it seems true to say that recent statements emanating from Amman accurately reflect a fairly unanimous feeling that while Israel remains obdurate, the Hashemite kingdom has absolutely nothing to gain from joining the peace process: indeed, to do so would not only put Hussein in the dog-house with the PLO – to whom he abdicated responsibility for the future of the West Bank at the Rabat conference of 1974 – but would also incur the wrath of Syria, and probably also of the Saudis, who have thus far remained firmly perched on the fence with a stability buttressed by the vast wealth which Jordan so sadly lacks. Hussein has learnt caution from an early age: at 16 he narrowly escaped death when his grandfather Abdullah was killed by a Palestinian at the Al-Aqsa mosque in Jerusalem. Nor has he forgotten the lesson of the 1967 war, when Nasser, urging him to join the struggle, omitted to tell him that the Egyptian air force had been destroyed in the first hours of fighting. Now he is applying to Sadat's initiative the same tactic he successfully employed in the 1973 war, when he let the Egyptians do the dirty work and sent an armoured division to fight with the Syrians, so that Jordan lost little in men, material or Arab esteem.

Palestinian-Jordanian relations are today a far cry from 'Black' September 1970, when Bedouin troops slaughtered thousands of Palestinians and the lucky ones fled to Israel rather than fall into the hands of Hussein's army. Awareness of the need not to offend the PLO may, it seems, have moved the King to discourage the emergence of a pro-Sadat sentiment among pro-Hashemite elements in the Israeli-occupied West Bank, and influential figures like Hikmet al-Masri and Anwar Khatib have noticeably reduced the level of their enthusiasm for the Sadat initiative in the months that have gone by since his visit to Jerusalem. Without, then, discounting the possibility that Hussein – whose clipped Sandhurst manner and passion for fast outdoor sports conceals a strong and decisive personality – is doing something quietly behind the scenes – such as making tentative contact with the Israelis and keeping his West Bank supporters on ice – the Jordanian position is at present fairly unambiguous.

Not so with the Israeli attitude towards Jordan. This has now been further complicated by Prime Minister Begin's ruling that UN Security Council Resolution 242 of November 1967 no longer applies to the West Bank and Gaza. Abba Eban described Begin's latest whim with characteristic lucidity when he wrote recently that 'while all Israeli governments have taken positions that are politically controversial, none of them has ever espoused a doctrine as juridicially frivolous as the assertion that Resolution 242 requires Jordan to conclude a permanent peace with Israel, without any Israeli withdrawal from any part of the territories taken from Jordan during the 1967 hostilities'.

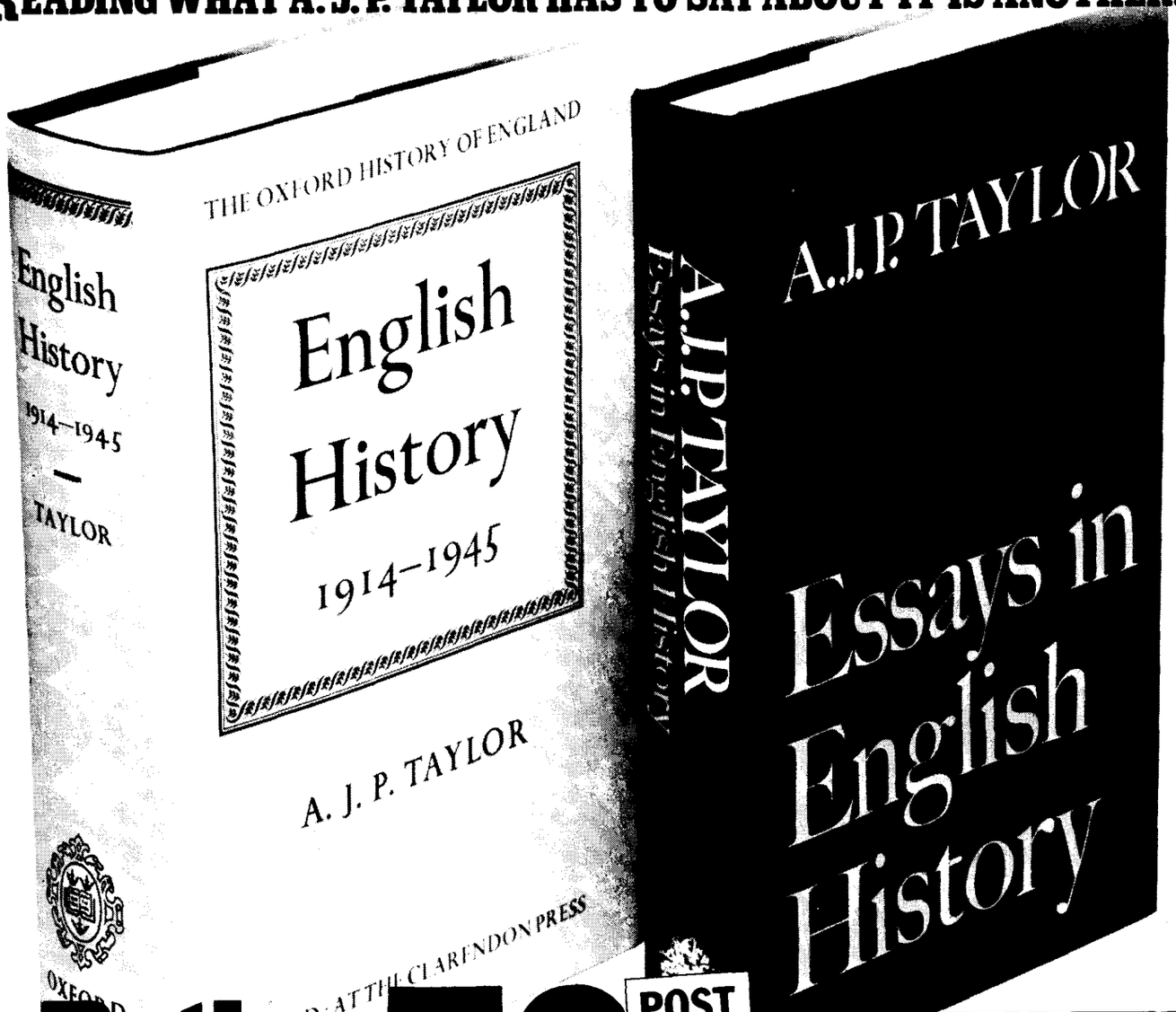
Mr Begin has only himself to blame if he has become the target for the slings and arrows of an outraged Mr Eban, who cannot, at least in this case, be accused of using his considerable polemical powers for his own self-aggrandisement. Neither, though, can anyone charge the Israeli Prime Minister with inconsistency. The whole point, after all, of his 'autonomy' plan for the Arab population of Judea, Samaria and Gaza was to circumvent the danger of the return of non-Israeli sovereignty over these areas. His opposition to what he calls 'foreign rule' applies to Palestinians and Jordanians just as it did to the British when he led the dissident Irgun in its underground struggle against the mandatory power in the 1940s. 'It is simply unthinkable,' he declared in 1967, 'that we would return an inch of eastern Eretz-Yisrael to Jordan.' Noting too that King Hussein had stated that he could not sleep because Israel held Jerusalem he quipped: 'If that is so, then he'll suffer from insomnia all his life.'

Trapped, it seems, by his own dogmas, Begin's cavalier dismissal of the applicability of Resolution 242 to the West Bank has not been a helpful move, even by his own standards. His studious zeal in explaining his interpretation of the UN Resolution by reminding the world that the West Bank was illegally occupied by King Abdullah in 1948 and formally annexed to Jordan in 1950, could raise the sticky question of the legality of the Israeli occupation of a considerably greater area of mandatory Palestine than that allotted to the Jewish state in the UN Partition Resolution of November 1947. It is for this reason that most countries have their diplomatic missions in Tel Aviv and not Jerusalem. The Prime Minister's exhumation of the events of 1948 might, even more absurdly from his point of view, remind inquisitive observers of the Middle East scene that part of the area divided between the wily Abdullah and the Israelis was intended to be a Palestinian Arab state.

Begin's foolishness, though, does not mean

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

READING ABOUT ENGLISH HISTORY IS ONE THING. READING WHAT A. J. P. TAYLOR HAS TO SAY ABOUT IT IS ANOTHER.



Both – for only 50p. POST FREE

The two books offered here are, to say the least, classics of their kind. They are the works of probably the most significant British historian this century. A scholar whose insight into historical events probes deep into the very core of our past; the whys, the wherefores and the real reasons they happened. These are history books as they should be written. And this is your unique opportunity to obtain not just one, but both these major works for just 50p, post free.

The History Book Club – brings the past into perspective, the future into view . . .
The book club that offers only the finest published works on important historical events; the personalities, the places, the politics. Candid biographies and auto-biographies, dramas from the past more thrilling than any novel. Genuine hardcover books without one single word or illustration cut, the very same titles now available in the the bookshops. The very same volumes contemporary historians include in their own valuable libraries.

. . . and takes a new direction.
Books that are controversial, outspoken, that increase our understanding of important historical events. Classics; cameos of the famous that examine deep beyond the text-book image. Books that are themselves landmarks in our appreciation of history.
Save more money on book buying than you ever thought possible.
Remember, the books in this introductory offer are just a sample of what's in store – the best is yet to come. We promise you the biggest choice, the lowest prices, with all titles at between 25% and 50% off publishers' prices.
You do not have to buy a book each month.
All we ask is that you choose just 4 books (other than the introductory offer) from over 150 other titles you will be offered during your first year's membership . . . **just 4 books!**

The HISTORY book club P.O. Box 19, Swindon SN1 5AX.

Your only commitment is to take 4 books from more than 150 you will be offered during your first year's membership.

And your assurance of good service. Should you ever have any genuine cause for complaint about the Club's goods or services, you are invited to write to: Book Club Associates, P.O. Box 1, Swindon SN3 3LD.

To: HISTORY BOOK CLUB, P.O. Box 19, Swindon, SN1 5AX. 151 256

Please accept my application and enrol me as a member of the HISTORY BOOK CLUB and send me the 2 introductory books featured here. You will charge me only 50p for both books, post free.
If I am not completely satisfied, I may return the books and I will owe nothing. As a member I do not have to choose a book every month. If I prefer an alternative to the Recommended Book, or no book at all, I can say so on the form provided. I will, however, choose at least four books during my first year's membership. All Recommended Books and alternatives are described two months in advance in the free monthly magazine 'Review' and offered at least 25% below the publishers' prices (plus post and packing). I am over 18 years of age.

Mr/Mrs/Miss _____
BLOCK LETTERS

Address _____

_____

_____ NMO2

Offer limited to one per household. Overseas send for details.
SEND NO MONEY WITH THIS COUPON.

This is a book service of WHSMITH and Dobbins

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that adherence to Resolution 242 and the Jordanian option, espoused by the opposition Labour Alignment and apparently preferred by Foreign Minister Dayan, will necessarily prove any more viable a proposition, given Hussein's current absolutist demands. What it might do, however, is to make it more feasible for Egypt and Israel to reach an agreed 'statement of principles' and thus enable Jordan to join the negotiations, even with its maximum demands. This would at least do Sadat the service – which he surely deserves – of rescuing him from his isolation in the Arab world. Also, from a selfish and rational Israeli point of view (and Begin's latest move is nothing if not irrational), a declaration of willingness to return most of the West Bank to Jordanian rule would prove a badly needed boost to Israel's present all-time-low in world opinion.

Whether this alternative has any chance of adoption by Israel we shall have to wait and see. President Carter is known to attach great importance to Jordan joining the fray; and Atherton having failed to budge the King, there remains the possibility that threatening to withhold a promised $113m. aid to Jordan in 1979 and $85m. in credits for the purchase of military equipment, may prove a useful prod when Hussein comes to see Carter on 20 March, hot on the Israelis' heels. It seems unlikely that Begin's avuncular manner, which has so far annoyed the Egyptian Foreign Minister, and, if the rumours are to be believed, Dr Owen too ('a big friend of a little Israel', the press here decided) will wash with the Americans this time – or save him from the verbal bludgeoning he may need if the story that began the wrong way round last November – with the happy ending at the beginning – is not to end up with a very grim finale.

Jerusalem

Tim Albert

A Forgotten Generation

At the beginning of this year I spent several days looking closely at the careers of all students who left one particular British university in the summer of 1975. Among the more predictable conclusions – that graduates were finding jobs harder to come by, preferred to work in the public sector, and often went through a couple of jobs before settling down – were two relatively undiscussed factors. One was that even this able group of young people underwent considerable shock when they moved from the world of education (with its basically democratic and/or academic values) out into the vastly different world of full-time work. The other was that this shock could be eased significantly by providing new recruits with a demanding course of part-time study. This was shown quite clearly by the group who chose accountancy: though they didn't altogether subscribe to the values of the profession, they were much happier than other groups simply because they were learning as they went along.

But graduates, arguably, are fairly well equipped to look after themselves. How much worse can it be for those who leave school at 16 (300,000 of these do so without formal qualifications of any kind) not only conscious that they have lost out in the scramble for higher education, but also caught between the dilemma of an unhappy job on the one hand and no job at all on the other. The most recent *Social Trends*, for instance, reports that about one fifth of those aged 20 or 21 were unhappy at work. An interesting piece of research sponsored by the National Youth Bureau, which examined the early working careers of some 200 young people in a large Midlands engineering factory, highlighted significant pockets of discontent: 'Results show that satisfaction with the job shows a decline with length of service up to the age of 21 years'.

Not that the problem has only recently been discovered. First Fisher in 1918, then Butler in 1944, and Crowther in 1959 tried to push the idea of some kind of transitional provision for the years immediately after leaving school; this was to be the next great battleground for British education, according to Crowther. Nevertheless the efforts were continuously frustrated by the refusal of employers to accept compulsory day release. Even the subsequent attempt to win their support by appointing Mr Henniker Heaton, then chairman of the education and training sub-committee of the British Employers' Federation, to a committee on this question failed as his somewhat modest targets were steadfastly ignored.

Since then, of course, things have changed: the problem of the young unemployed (who are tactless enough to stand visibly around on street corners rather than stay at home out of sight) has become a major political issue. Accordingly a vast emergency measure is being rushed through. Over the next few months we will see the start of the ambitious Youth Opportunities Programme of the Manpower Services Commission, which will set up a network of 28 area boards from Inverness down to Exeter, through which it intends to send each year some 234,000 young people on various work experience schemes, lasting from a couple of weeks up to half a year, in employers' premises, in colleges of further education and in MSC Skillcentres. The operation is expected to cost about £168m. a year.

But in spite of the awesome scale of the operation – and the welcome fact that at last something is being done – it is becoming clear that this isn't the right solution. In particular it looks as if it will further stretch the gulf between education and industry, between education and training, and between the needs of the individual and those of large commercial organisations. There is no real educational content in the MSC proposals, which will clearly exacerbate the division in this country between those who do and make, and those who think and decide. It means that we are reintroducing at 16 precisely the kind of selection that we have been trying so hard (and so bitterly) to abolish at 11-plus.

It also diverts attention away from the fact that some urgent action is now needed to sort out the muddled provision of alternatives for 16- to 19-year-olds. (A measure of the difficulty is the fact that a DES circular on sixth form provision, due to go out last year, still has not done so.) The difficulties are immense: how to provide an examination system that will enable the more able to delay narrow specialisation, and the less able to obtain a nationally accepted qualification; how to abolish the new anomaly by which those who go on MSC courses will get £19.50 a week, while those who stay in full-time education will only get £10 a week, and then only if they are among the lucky 20 per cent judged worthy by local authorities of receiving a discretional award; how to deal with sixth forms that, with the falling population, have increasingly become uneconomical.

At the moment the most attractive proposition is for a national network of colleges for the varied needs of all 16- to 19-year-olds, including preparation for higher education, for employment and for a lifetime of recurrent educational and training opportunities. Such institutions should be less childish than secondary schools, more flexible, and not compulsory; they should also be used as the basis for a comprehensive network of adult education (but that's another story). The success of the small number of tertiary colleges, such as that at Nelson and Colne in Lancashire, suggests that such a scheme would be perfectly feasible. The difficulty of course, as Professor Robin Pedley points out in his recently published *Towards the Comprehensive University* is persuading people that such a reform is necessary: 'Nowhere is the task more daunting than in an England still fearful of radical change, still liable, in times of depression, to turn back to the trumpeted virtues of the old elitism.'

This need for an overwhelming change in public attitudes is perhaps the major argument for a public inquiry into 16- to 19-year-olds, the call for which has been taken up in the past few months by organisations from the *Times Educational Supplement* to Youthaid. It would not only prove beyond doubt that the Prime Minister actually is interested in the relationship between education and industry, but could also provide a suitable challenge for Mr Jack Jones. However, it will only be valid if the inquiry is not used (as the Oakes inquiry apparently has been used) for interest groups to stand firmly on their long established points of view behind closed, if rather leaky, doors, but as an opportunity for publicising issues as well as examining them. It may of course be too late. The new empire of the Manpower Services Commission is already growing at an alarming rate. And the trouble with empires is that, though easy to set up, they are notoriously difficult to dismantle.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Max Braun

Sell-out in Salisbury

'I don't mind majority rule,' explained a white Rhodesian woman, 'so long as they leave us alone.' Quite so: as long as Ian Smith's new black partners-in-power have the good sense not to tamper with segregated white schools, segregated white suburbs, segregated white hospitals, an educational budget which allocates precisely the same funds to the 4 per cent of children who are white as to the 96 per cent who are black, then this lady will learn to live with the emerging 'multi-racial society'.

The economy and the security forces, naturally, must also remain under white control; 6,200 white farms must continue to occupy half of Rhodesia's available farm land. Otherwise, you understand, law and order, responsible government and the maintenance of standards will be impossible.

And who would suffer from a massive white exodus? The blacks, of course. The leaders of the three black 'internal' parties who last Friday signed an agreement with Ian Smith do not quarrel with this perspective. 'Smith knows that when we come in he can go back to his farm,' a Muzorewa supporter explained. Chief Chirau's publicity secretary, G. Magarombe, was nothing less than frank when he warned the settlement conference: 'I also want to tell you that the men in the bush are not ours. We may be the first to face the firing squads.'

One fear binds the Bishop's UANC, Sithole's ANC, Chirau's ZUPO and every white Rhodesian, including the tiny minority of liberals who opposed UDI and detest Smith: it is fear of the Patriotic Front, the unimaginable horror of the 'ters' marching into Salisbury and Bulawayo – the avenging sons of the scorched villages, *les damnés de la terre*. Ever since Kissinger (and Vorster) forced him to abandon his 'never in a thousand years', Smith has based his tactical withdrawal strategy on this common fear and on the fierce enmity that divides Muzorewa from Nkomo. (Although Robert Mugabe appears to be the more intransigent socialist, and has always suspected that the artful politician and businessman Nkomo would abruptly desert the PF, it is in fact towards Mugabe's predominantly Shona ZANU that the Shona-based UANC still looks for an ultimate alliance against Nkomo, whose support is now confined mainly to Matabeleland.)

Smith, however, was not prepared to talk until he was in a position to exploit further divisions within the tragically divided ranks of the Zimbabwe nationalist movement. Hence his adroit decision last year to bring back from exile, on condition of renouncing violence, three prominent veterans of the struggle who, having lost all credibility within ZANU and ZAPU, were prepared to burn their boats in a final, desperate bid for power: James Chikerema, George Nyandoro and the Rev. Ndabaningi Sithole.

Chikerema and Nyandoro joined the UANC; it has been the sinister Chikerema's role, as Muzorewa's first vice-president, to push the UANC into a deal with Smith at almost any price and so stake an early claim to control the security forces. Thus Chikerema's ambitions are perfectly tailored to Smith's plan for Africanising the war, for effecting a cosmetic face-lift to what remains fundamentally a struggle between white landowners and industrialists on the one hand and black peasants on the other. The third of the prominent exiles whom Smith rescued from political oblivion, Sithole, promptly set up his own party and thus gave warning to the Bishop, a man with an honest streak in his nature, that he could be left stranded in the margin if he did not keep pace with the frantic stampede to settle.

Of the three black leaders with whom Smith has negotiated, the feudal Chirau, President of the Council of Chiefs, until recently the leading Uncle Tom in the Smith Government, and a notorious brutaliser of his 'people' in his fief south of Sinoia, has given no trouble at all. As one member of his delegation put it, the fears of white people in Rhodesia are abundantly justified by events in the rest of Africa; one can scarcely identify a 'responsible' black government. Sithole, despite declamatory speeches of principle, no doubt made for the record, soon became the only black politician whom white businessmen and farmers suspected of possessing genuine 'administrative ability'. The Bishop, disturbed by evidence of mounting hostility in the black townships as one capitulation succeeded another, periodically stamped his natty, two-tone shoes, declared himself and the people of Zimbabwe to have been insulted, sulked, demanded an apology, got none, returned to the conference table, and proclaimed each climb-down to be a victory. (One need recall only Smith's 'concession' in allowing black voters to help choose eight of the 28 future white MP's from a list of 16 candidates provided by the present members of the Rhodesian Front Parliament.)

Muzorewa and Sithole both claim to command the allegiance of the majority of the freedom fighters, whom they will now advise to lay down their arms. Meanwhile, the guerrillas circulate the countryside, where they move virtually unopposed from dusk until dawn, denouncing these two leaders as puppets and the settlement as a sell-out. The war, as all those engaged in the Salisbury negotiations very well know, will now escalate to new levels of fratricidal horror; so much for compromise in the name of peace.

Should the PF leaders be condemned as selfish power-seekers willing to achieve their ambitions by drowning their own people in blood (the death toll now stands at 400 a month)? Neither Churchill nor Roosevelt was prepared to negotiate a conditional surrender when the tide began to turn against Hitler; the logic of Nkomo and Mugabe is no less impeccable. Smith will talk to the PF leaders if they lay down their arms; but if they lay down their arms, Smith need talk to no one. He knows it and they know it. It is not sanctions that have brought Smith to the table, but the war – not merely the loss of white lives, not merely the 16,000 whites who left Rhodesia last year, but the protracted strain imposed on white families of having every able-bodied male under 50 spending up to half of each year in the bush.

Wars of anti-colonial liberation are not won by formal victories on the battlefield; they are won when the privileged minority, opportunistic and greedy, decides that the game is not worth the candle. The whites of Rhodesia have been approaching that point; Smith turned to the 'internal' black leaders, who obligingly plucked his chestnuts out of the fire.

The core concept of the Anglo-American plan is the unconditional surrender of the Smith regime, the restructuring of key institutions under British-UN supervision to ensure a genuine transfer of power. Had the internal leaders not betrayed the 8,000 guerrillas who have laid down their lives, Smith would have been left stranded with no viable alternative strategy. Spectacular armed raids into Zambia and Mozambique merely mask the steady deterioration of the security situation within Rhodesia.

Despite some signs of a minor urban white backlash against Smith, orchestrated by the pro-apartheid Rhodesian Action Party, there is no doubt at all that the vast majority of whites will gratefully swallow these scorched chestnuts. The white farmers, hemmed in behind electrified wire fences, kaffir-killing guard dogs, Agric-Alert alarm systems, mine-proofed vehicles and the unnerving sounds of an African night, harbour no illusions about the mounting power of the 'ters'. As one of them put it: 'An African Minister of Agriculture will be no problem – so long as he sits on a white knee.'

To understand fully the extent of the sell-out negotiated by Muzorewa, Chikerema, Sithole and Chirau, one must look beyond the formal clauses of the agreement. It is not merely that the principle of one man, one vote has been drastically eroded by conceding to 4 per cent of the population 28 per cent of the parliamentary seats for ten years or the life of two parliaments; it is not merely that the white minority will be able to block constitutional change and ensure that expropriation of property is compensated for 'adequately' and 'promptly'; it is not merely the heavy protection afforded to white incumbents in the civil service, from which the majority of blacks with 'A' Levels and degrees are now shut out. Even more crucial – paper agree-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ments, after all, can be torn up – is that the terms of the agreement say virtually nothing about the future composition of the security forces.

This is the key. The claim made recently to an audience of black businessmen in Bulawayo by the Commander of the Army, Lt-Gen. John Hickman, that the Rhodesian army is determined to remain 'apolitical . . . a servant of the nation and of the people,' will be received with some scepticism in the decimated villages of the tribal trust lands. Leaving aside the numerous British, American, French and South African mercenaries now serving with the army, the core of the Rhodesian security forces, military and paramilitary, remains the white farmers, businessmen, civil servants, professionals and *pieds noirs* whose keen sense of corporate self-interest has brought about a holocaust of destruction in the native reserves and the forcible uprooting from their kraals of half-a-million villagers. If the army is truly 'apolitical', why the much-vaunted, though miserably unsuccessful, activities of the Psychological Warfare units? Why the millions of leaflets dropped from the air to prove that the nationalist guerrillas are nothing more than murderous communist bandits? And if the war that the army is fighting, and gradually losing, is not a political war, why has it required a form of political settlement?

The Bishop's Support

What the actual terms of the Salisbury agreement fail to illuminate is the disastrous extent to which the 'internal' black leaders have pledged themselves to maintain 'white confidence' and white skills by leaving the economy in white hands. For the past 18 months the Association of Rhodesian Industries, the Chamber of Commerce, the Chamber of Mines, the Rhodesian Farmers' Union and a slick, business-financed public relations outfit called the Rhodesian Promotion Council (which lays on guided tours and economic-military briefings for visiting British journalists) have waged a strenuous, and wholly successful, campaign to 'educate' the internal black leaders in the 'realities' of economic life.

Untramelled private enterprise, social Darwinism and the survival of the fittest is now the economic gospel of every responsible black politician. In the course of the negotiations, a member of Sithole's delegation, Phineas Sithole, head of the Textile Workers Union, remarked: 'There are many situations where the common man may want nationalisation and we want to say from the start no to such pressures on the government of the day.' No black voice was raised in protest at the talks when Hilary Squires, Smith's Minister for Law and Order, referred to the whites as 'the people who will give [*sic*] the security and the economy of the country'.

Influential sectors of the Western press, apparently jettisoning all suspicion of Smith and his intentions, are now calling for an early recognition of the settlement, abandonment of the Anglo-American proposals, and a total rejection of the Patriotic Front's aspiration to 'impose' its will on the people of Zimbabwe 'through the barrel of a gun'. It is probably true – though working conditions for psephologists in Rhodesia are noticeably poor – that the Bishop continues to command the support of up to 60 per cent of the blacks. It is certainly true that the blacks desperately yearn for an end to the killing, the beatings, the torture. But the real dynamics of the situation and of the mass political consciousness that flows from it are considerably more complex than the Rhodesian Front-UANC-Sithole propaganda machine – and the correspondents licensed by it – admit.

Admittedly, Nkomo and Mugabe could talk to Muzorewa and Sithole on an island in the Mediterranean. But not in Rhodesia. 'They are welcome to come,' Smith said on 9 December, 'provided they give up terrorism'. When Squires asked Muzorewa across the negotiating table: 'I wish to know what the Bishop thinks the lifting of the ban on ZANU and ZAPU would do to his organisation,' the Bishop evaded a direct reply, confining himself to a vague plea (subsequently allowed to evaporate) for the release of political detainees and a halt to the executions. Not only are most of the leaders of the internal wings of the PF detained without trial in such prisons as Marandellas, Buffalo Range, Wha Wha and Gatooma (a handful are temporarily at liberty for display purposes); not only are the ANCZ (the internal wing of Nkomo's banned ZAPU) and the People's Movement (the internal wing of Mugabe's banned ZANU) forbidden to hold political rallies likely to attract more than 200 people; but, equally significant for the 'free elections' that (may) lie ahead, no office-holder in ZAPU or ZANU may be named in the Rhodesian press, nor his opinions even paraphrased.

Nor are the vast repressive powers exercised by the Smith Government under the Law and Order Maintenance Act and the Emergency Powers Act likely to be relaxed during the months ahead. On the contrary, UANC leaders freely admit that such tools will now have to be wielded against foreign-based 'communist saboteurs' and 'enemies of the people'. One notices that the Salisbury agreement avoids any explicit commitment to the release of political detainees or a halt to the executions.

No International Credibility

For the past couple of months the Combined Operations headquarters has been running a campaign to induce the guerrillas to lay down their arms on promise of an amnesty. This operation is so sensitive and so abhorrent to many gun-bearing whites, that it can be neither reported nor commented upon in the Rhodesian press. The blacks in the new interim government will no doubt commit their prestige to its success. It may bear some fruit. (A number of captured guerrillas are now serving in the notorious counter-insurgency tracker unit, the Selous Scouts, whom the rural population tend to blame for a large proportion of the outrages in all probability committed by the guerrillas.) But there remains one basic, immutable factor which threatens to undermine the new, 'multi-racial' government's desperate attempt to gain international recognition and the lifting of United Nations sanctions.

The fact that the black population of Zimbabwe has not been, and almost certainly will not be, invited to pass judgment on the compromise settlement by means of a referendum is not the crucial point. Many of them, particularly the comparatively privileged wage-earners of the towns, upon whom the vast army of unemployed relatives and unrooted peasants depend for their subsistence, will accept what is offered and even identify an election campaign conducted by the internal parties as a valid outlet for popular sentiment. (Indeed, no weapon has proved more decisive to the maintenance of white supremacy in Rhodesia than the despondent mass of unemployed men who gather under the shade of trees outside every factory and workshop, hoping, against all the odds, for a job. A two-week general strike would long ago have brought down the white power structure, but it can never happen.) Even so, the Smith-Muzorewa-Sithole regime is most unlikely to be able to stage elections that will pass the test of international credibility.

'No-Go' Areas

The reason for this is that large, densely populated areas of rural Rhodesia are now virtually 'no-go' areas, and likely to remain so. Although the guerrillas frequently impose their will on the peasants by force and intimidation, and although they are by no means guiltless of the atrocities against their own people which fuel the Rhodesian Front propaganda machine, the fact remains that to the majority of peasants the guerrillas are 'the boys' – *our* boys – while the security forces remain the universally hated enemy, particularly the ferocious black troops of the Rhodesian African Rifles, the sinisterly camouflaged Selous Scouts, and the detested black Guard Force which maintains half-a-million forcibly uprooted peasants in concentration camps known as 'protected villages'.

Here the white regime, and its new black allies, must face the basic contradiction of any colonial war. In the wake of an ambush, a contact or the rustling of hundreds of cattle from a white ranch, the security forces pursue footprints and spoor into the heart of the tribal trust land – the water in which the guerrilla fish swim. But here they encounter only blank, innocent faces, sightless peasant eyes that have seen nothing. Hence the beatings, the interrogations under torture, the systematic policy of punishing the peasants by expropriating their own precious cattle. (Many white ranchers now do this on a freelance, cowboy basis). To believe government propaganda, the 200 protected villages were set up for the protection of the peasants themselves; but the real purpose, of course, is quite different – to deprive the guerrilla units of cover, protection and shelter by laying rural communities to waste. Thus at every step the regime further alienates the people.

The peasants hate the Government to the point where even its most benign agents (a birth-control clinic, a tsetse- or malaria-control unit) are treated with suspicion. What they hate is not so much the names or faces of the cabinet in Salisbury, but their own daily encounters with an armed regime which herds and harasses them like

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cattle. Here, precisely, is the ravine that Sithole and Muzorewa must cross in their quick march to the presidential palace.

What does life in a protected village mean for its inhabitants? It means life virtually without able-bodied menfolk who, when the Department of Internal Affairs burns their kraals, take off either to join 'the boys' or the pool of unemployed squatting in the shanty towns that encircle the clean, neat, still-prosperous white cities. The protected village is a world of women and children deprived of adequate sanitation, adequate protein, adequate water supply and adequate protection against the sexual rapacity of the native Guard Force. It is a world where you are locked within a fence for 12 hours a day, from dusk until dawn; a 'home' where you must clock in, by sticking a wooden peg in a hole. The protected village may be sited five or ten kilometres from the peasant's fields, requiring a two-way walk with the looming menace, towards dusk, of being shot as a curfew-breaker. But the fact of life in a PV which, more than any other, reveals the semi-human status of the black under white rule is this: no one may take a scrap of food beyond the high wire fence. Thus you shall walk, you shall labour, but you shall not eat, not even with a baby strapped to your back or a small child trotting at your side. Nor are such villages safe from attack; they become a natural target for the guerrillas.

This is the system now to be inherited by Muzorewa, Sithole and Chirau: Smith's system. And even given the understandable tendency of employed urban blacks to toe the line and to tell the white boss what he wants to hear (the whites eagerly believe every employee who professes support for the Bishop), one has to remember that town and country in Rhodesia remain intricately linked by extended family ties, by bush- and bus-telegraph, by the constant mobility of the population. Can the credibility of the internal leaders survive the gallons of black blood that must inevitably flow during the months ahead? One doubts it. One doubts, also, whether electors can be registered and votes counted in the guerrilla-saturated tribal trust lands. The peasants will not need to pick up the Voice of Zimbabwe from Maputo on the 90-metre wave band to recognise that the Bishop and Sithole are 'puppets', the nominal heads of a 'fascist terrorist army'.

Even in terms of white self-interest, it would have been a wiser strategy to hand over to Muzorewa the reins of government without humiliating and compromising qualifications. Such a scenario would have been much harder for the international community to reject. But Smith is shrewd, not wise; he faithfully represents a white community whose vision is blinkered by arrogance, greed and the pathetic myth that, if only the outside world would 'get off our backs', everything in Rhodesia could continue as before.

By yielding the shadow of power while clinging to the substance, by resorting yet again to the policy of minimum concession, and by adroitly leaving almost every option open, including the indefinite postponement of the elections and of 'independence' (unlikely now, but still possible), Smith has again convinced his constituency that if on each occasion you leap only half-way to the grave, you may never arrive. To reinforce this point, the Smith Government continues to stonewall every attempt to desegregate housing, hospitals, schools and wide areas of the civil service. To this day no black may become a councillor of the city under whose jurisdiction he lives; nor may the worthy Muzorewa as yet legally purchase a house next door to the humblest white.

At one point during the recent negotiations in Salisbury, the Bishop voiced a small protest: '. . . may I restate the request I made for more petrol since we are doing this extra driving we did not plan for?' Replied Smith: 'A message has been sent to the Petrol Rationing Officer to give your request consideration.' During the months ahead Muzorewa and Sithole will doubtless receive all the petrol coupons they need – a small price to pay for the preservation of 'civilised standards' against those who would liberate Zimbabwe 'through the barrel of a gun'.

Salisbury

Caroline Seebohm

Happy Event

There is a crisis in American medicine. They spend $120,000m. a year on health, compared to $10,000m. in 1950; it is predicted that the bill will rise to 55 per cent of the gross national product before the end of the century. People will no longer be able to afford to eat. 'We've become obsessed with health to such an extent that we are almost a hypochondriacal society,' remarked Dr Lewis Thomas, author of *The Lives of a Cell*. Western technology is now so out of control that doctors in America actually cause disease, is Ivan Illich's contention in his controversial book published last year, *Medical Nemesis*.

As for the rest of us, we read about escalating hospital costs, and the increase of malpractice insurance suits, and wait for our own doctor's bills with increasing anxiety. I had a baby here in New York earlier this year. My gynaecologist's bill alone came to $850. Four days in the hospital in what's called a semi-private ward (i.e. shared with three other people), costs $200 per day, and the newborn's nursery an additional $90 a day. Delivery room charges for a normal delivery are $220; and, to quote my New York Hospital information book, 'a separate professional charge will be made when anaesthesia is administered by a physician for all surgical and obstetrical procedures'. Let me continue: 'Patients', is says, 'not covered by hospitalisation insurance must pay a deposit of $3,100 at the time of admission.'

Well, those are the basic figures. If anything goes wrong, then wait for more charges, for 'specific procedures ordered by your physician'. As it happens, I think that between my husband's and my own employer's insurance, we shall be covered for about 90 per cent of all this. Indeed, a friend of mine who recently had a baby actually made money on the whole thing, as the insurance company made a mistake. But the figures are enough to send one's blood pressure up into the danger zone and stay there.

But it isn't just the economics that have got out of control. The whole business of maternity has taken on a very different form from our parents' day. Husbands go to classes with their wives and learn how to breathe and count and have the baby 'naturally'. Here is how movie star Marisa Berenson, described her plans for giving birth:

> Very, very *naturally*. The Lameze technique and then Leboyer, the dark room and warm water. Actually my doctor doesn't like the water idea, so I hope he goes through with it. As long as he places the baby on my stomach, I told him that's the most *important* part. Jim (her husband) will handle it though. He wants to deliver that baby himself, cut the umbilical cord, everything. I'm bringing tapes, Vivaldi, Mozart, Debussy, Beethoven. It's going to be wonderful . . . I want to come home right away. Of course they don't let you out of hospitals in California without registering the baby's name and we don't want to choose a name before we know something about our baby's personality – there are Indian tribes who do that – so I might be there for *months*.

She had a Caesarian.

My husband happens to be an old-fashioned type and faints at the sight of blood or the smell of a hospital, so I went to my classes alone – to the horror of the other couples who looked on me with pity. Poor Walter got battered at dinner parties by women (and men) who accused him of all sorts of perfidy for not wishing to 'share' the joyous experience. I was greatly relieved not to have him there. Not so long ago an equally squeamish husband, giving in to pressure, attended his wife's delivery, fainted, hit his head on the side of the bed, fell into a coma and died a week later.

New York

Roger Woddis

Song to David Owen

(After Christopher Smart)

Sublime is wisdom, ever young,
Of steady vision, ready tongue
  And driven by a dream:
To help Zimbabwe to awake,
As long as any deal they make
  Preserves the old regime.

Strong is your stomach, stronger still
The medicine that makes you ill,
  The cure that makes you cry:
When power and privilege are gone,
What darker demons follow on
  The end of UDI?

You may reproach the 3 per cent,
But as a neutral you are meant
  To put their interests first.
There is a case for subterfuge;
Meanwhile, a chat with Bishop Stooge
  May save us from the worst.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GETTING AND SPENDING – 2

Mary Morgan

Seven Deadly Things

It is not so much a question of when Adam delved and Eve span, who was then the gentleman, as to ask which money in a two-income household provides the necessities, which the pleasures, of life. Is the man always the breadwinner, the woman the source of small delights? Pertinently for this argument, I had been reading Shaw before visiting the people about whom I write this week. What he said was: 'The seven deadly things . . . food, clothing, firing, rent, taxes, respectability and children. Nothing can lift these millstones from a man's neck but money'. And a wife's money?

Seven years ago Bob Cole, who has been married for 23 years to one wife, with three daughters, worked as a middle-grade executive in a large chemical corporation earning £5,000 per annum. Then, in his mid-thirties, he underwent a conversion. He became a teacher and he earns £5,100 a year. His old job nowadays pays £12,000. His wife, Susan, also came late to teaching, taking her science degree when she was 35. They both work in London comprehensives. Her salary, however, at £5,900 is higher than his because she is the deputy head of her department and because she receives an extra £276 a year for teaching in an educational priority area in the East End.

This scarcely unique pedagogic couple live in West London, in a red-brick terrace house which they bought in 1960 for £2,400 when the neighbourhood was, to coin a phrase, 'respectable working-class'. The Coles' sitting room, their front room, has dark panelled walls thought to be very posh at the turn of the century and dark, overlarge furniture which came from parents and from second-hand shops. It is comfortably old-fashioned and could even make a theatre set for something like *Hindle Wakes* when the Coles gather round the mahogany table each month with the tablets spread before them – the bank statements, diaries and housekeeping book.

For many years this was genuinely a monthly ordeal, sometimes of harsh words and miserable self-examination: 'We used to buy a bottle of whisky before we could face it and because we always thought it would be our last.' Now the Coles are a lot better off and the whisky is permissible largesse. For instance, only one of their three daughters, Jennie, the youngest, is still at home; Emma is at university and Sally has just taken up nursing.

We tick off Shaw's dreads in order. Food, clothing, firing (that quaint archaism I take to mean fuel and not bullets), rent and taxes. That takes care of Bob's salary (or is it Susan's?). One teacher's wage would house, feed and keep this family warm in the winter. They would have £1.20 a week for everything else. Obviously the question is: how do teachers whose wives are not working manage to maintain 'respectability' – or sanity, or patience? Why are they not kicking down the doors of the Treasury?

The Coles, of course, are a good deal more fortunate than that. They spend £32 a week on food – £6 at the butcher's, £3 at the greengrocer's and the rest goes to the milkman and Sainsbury. This is not only for the three of them: the older girls spend many weekends and vacations at home and they have big appetites. (So, their mother adds, do their friends.) They may not still wash their hair in Sainsbury's washing up liquid but it is Sainsbury's coal tar soap for everyday. Perfumed indulgences are still restricted to Christmas and birthday presents.

Joint salary	£11,000
Tax	£2,640
National Insurance	£406
Superannuation	£652
Net Salary	£7,302
House (second mortgage)	£1,308
Food	£1,640
Fuel	£430
Education	£823
Clothes	£200
Car	£380
Phone	£120
Insurance	£48
Cleaner	£312
Committed Outgoings	£5,261
Everything Else	£2,041

They could, I suppose, if they had to cut back, turn off the fires and pile on the sweaters in this draughty house which a mixture of gas and electric fires and 'dangerous oil stoves' keeps moderately warm for £9 a week. At the moment they pay the fuel boards on a standing order of £32 a month but this is not going to be enough in future. In a rash mood, Bob who was at home with 'flu during the last cold snap, found on reading the meters that they were ticking away £20 in a single week.

What about that last millstone – children? For Emma, at university, the Coles pay the maximum parental contribution – £823 a year. Unlike many parents of comparable means they do not begrudge the money and take none from her when she lives at home and takes a job during her vacations. They give Jennie, who is in the first year sixth form, £30 a month, out of which she pays her fares and lunches – £2.25 a week, Saturday night out £2.50 and buys her own clothes. 'I feel pretty comfortably off,' she says. 'I wear Laura Ashley skirts and Marks and Spencer sweaters to school. Otherwise I buy most things second-hand. I've just bought an Ossie Clark dress for £3 and these clogs for 20p in a jumble. I've been wearing my duffle for five years and I reckon it will see me through school.' She showed me her duffle-coat resplendently velvet patched.

On combined earnings there is quite a lot left. 'Why do I feel then,' says Bob, 'that I'm still doing the monthly accounts on the seat of my pants? And why has life altered so little? We never go out during the week, we haven't the energy. We don't buy anything, the house is falling to pieces, we don't go to the cinema, the theatre. His gaze fell on the whisky bottle: 'We drink more.'

Every evening they go to the pub at 6 o'clock. He drinks two pints of bitter and Susan two lagers. At weekends they buy a bottle of whisky. After returning from the pub they eat dinner, watch the news on television and sit and talk a while. They drink their own home-made wine. With five gallons a week going through the apparatus they are not short of friends and with friends who needs guests? Still, only four proper supper parties last year and two big parties – New Year's Eve and Emma's 21st. All told, they spend about £15 a week on drink. On drink and friends.

Their car, which Susan uses to get her to school seven miles away across London, costs them £380 a year, the telephone £120 a year, a cleaner twice a week £312 a year, black and white rented television £30, launderette, £78 a year. They buy one daily newspaper – the *Evening Standard,* no Sunday papers, no magazines, a few paperbacks. They spend no money on holidays, or very little. Last summer the whole family, plus boy friends, went for three weeks to a rented farmhouse on a Scottish island which they paid for by renting their own house in London for, to their amazement, £70 a week. But the parents do now slip away at half-term to friends or relations in the country leaving the girls to look after themselves. And get back to a somewhat mismanaged home economy scene and profligacy – £12 extra spent on food in three days and £2 chalked up in the corner shop on chocolates for Sally.

It all comes back to the children. It seems like a lot of money to spare – on paper. At one point the Coles were staring at the figures not with the wordless joy at unexpected good fortune but with the consternation of experts who'd been fooling themselves for years with useless expertise. But then they recalled Christmas – £200, birthdays £100, a special nurses watch for Sally, £11, text books for Jennie £12. (This last item is a sore point with both teachers: that pupils should have to pay for advanced text books).

Certainly a new kind of prosperity lies ahead of them in their middle-age. This June, Emma leaves university and there will be a year's breathing space from this expense until Jennie begins the seven-year medical course. What richness of choice: get rid of the old Morris before yet another policeman threatens to put his heel through its floor, replace Susan's mother's curtains with something less sedately floral, do something about the house before it falls on them? Perhaps not quite such richness after all.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

London Diary

☐ So the misguided LSD manufacturers of Wales got exemplary sentences, and Mr Justice Park is hate figure of the week among all good liberals. Rightly so – but not for the sentences, rather for his absurdly pompous and rather alarming ruling that nobody was to report the case fully, thank you, while he was making up his mind. But I'm not quite as much against the sentences as I thought I would be. Christine Bott and her friends knew that what they were doing radically changed people's minds; more important, that there was a definite chance it could change them for the worse, irrevocably. In a way the closest parallel is the Angry Brigade trial. I remember being dreadfully angry and sad at the sight of those young men and women being so heavily punished for wanting to change the world. They, though, weren't in it for the money.

☐ A number of distinguished chaps (like John Mortimer, for instance, or Bernard Levin) are convinced that paying too much attention to the National Front is either foolish or dangerous, because it 'just encourages them'. I'm not sure. It's now become a more or less running correspondence in *The Times*, and the basic discussion – which necessarily depends on guesswork – is straightforward enough: which approach is most likely to make them go away? I thought I was on the 'ignore them' side, until on Tuesday I read a long letter from one Robert Stanton, saying that a lot of Mosley's ideas weren't half bad, and that he had had a number of worthy supporters. It wasn't such an impressive list, in fact, and pretty well-known anyway (Ezra Pound, Roy Campbell, Father Martindale). But it was worth being reminded that a lot of literate, intelligent men *still* think Mosley was right.

☐ It is also worth being reminded just how nasty Front supporters can be – and what trouble they're prepared to take over it. My friend and sometime colleague Mary Hope recently presented a phone-in on immigration for LBC. You'd expect there to be a number of abusive Front supporters ringing up, that's what the programme is for, and she had made her own views pretty clear. But abuse is an absorbing pastime, as Mrs Hope's mailbag showed. Much of it was obscene. Some of the writers had even got together to exchange their letters, before sending them on to her. One man wrote to another: 'I wish to congratulate you on your reprimand. You are of course perfectly correct. No black will get in my way either. We'll teach the corrupt and hideous company of Whitehall and Westminster to fob off their accusers with tissues of lies as revealed in the Crossman diaries and the Hawley report . . . ' He came, I'm sorry to say, from Hampstead.

☐ Usually I'm not particularly fascinated by handbooks, preferring to read fiction at almost any hour of the day or night. But there is a special enjoyment in reading, how shall I put it, something which one is sure is not intended for one's eyes. In that category, the most interesting book I've seen for ages is 'A field manual for Police' called *The Signs of Crime* (McGraw-Hill £4.50) written by a Deputy Assistant Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, David Powis. I can't understand how this amazing document was allowed into the public domain in the first place – let alone why it hasn't become the best-seller of the year. It is quite a tough book, indeed frightening. Every page has a different insight. For instance, the young policeman is told:

> Watch for the condition both of a loiterer's hands and his general appearance. The not-so-obvious differences between an honest working man and a lazy thief are often there for a discerning officer. For example, an honest working bricklayer's finger-ends are worn almost smooth through handling bricks. An agricultural worker has a harness over most of the inner and outer surfaces of his hands; additionally, the back of his hands will have numerous scratch marks, particularly in summer. There will almost certainly be a 'livestock' smell about his clothing, and if he has daily dealings with poultry or swine the odour will be more intense than with a cowman . . . Schoolmasters will have chalk dust on their hands and clothes . . . Watch for 'the athlete' dressed in a tracksuit, running about residential streets, either at dusk or in the early morning. While one must not become morbidly suspicious, experience does indicate that there seem to be a correlation between such persons and homosexual nuisance . . .

I remember now when I was last spellbound by a book in this particular way – when I read Mayhew's *London Labour and the Labour Poor*: there's not much higher praise than that.

☐ I've always preferred the conspiracy theory of history to any other – ever since, at the age of about 20, I realised that if I didn't want to stick with the Whig theory (which we were brought up on in those days) nobody could force me. It was a more dazzling moment of becoming adult than most I can remember. So ever since I've been a sucker for historical mysteries, from the Princes in the Tower onwards (I believe Richard III did it, actually). Probably we'll never know the truth about Kennedy, Oswald, the CIA and the Mafia: but last Monday's *Panorama* on the assassination, if not adding very much factual knowledge, did give a very convincing impression of a country conducting power politics in the fashion of a B-movie. But one supposed conspiracy to murder Gaitskell (mentioned in the NS by Alexander Cockburn two weeks back) just doesn't work. He died of a rare non-infectious disease called systemic lupus erythematosus (SLE). It is nasty, sudden, and mysterious. But it is sent by God, not the KGB.

☐ Another amazing medical story – about 'cloning' – has surfaced again, I'm glad to say. This is one of my favourites. It means the creation of a child from a single cell. The technique would be, I gather, to obtain human eggs and irradiate them to remove the nucleus. Then cells are taken from the skin of a living person, and *their* nuclei are grown in a culture and injected into the eggs. The theory is that the baby would then be an exact copy, genetically, of the person from whom its cells were taken: closer even than an identical twin. Now it seems that an 'eccentric US millionaire' – another of my favourite stock characters – has had a son, or rather a copy, made of himself: and this baby is supposed to be 14 months old. The publishers, J. P. Lippincott of New York, say they will be releasing a book telling the history of the experiments in June. But wait: is this not *exactly* the same plot as in Ira Levin's latest thriller, *The Boys from Brazil*? Yes, it is. But then as I said some stories are so enjoyable that you can read them more than once.

☐ One of the ways in which journalism differs from most jobs (I *think* it's a good way) is that one's working life and private interests tend to merge. This is particularly true of travelling, so I was rather looking forward to the publication of the *Good Hotel Guide* (Cape £3.50) as my hotel bills are paid, as often as not, by someone else. Alas, the *Guide* is so defiantly sybaritic as to make self-indulgent journalists look positively Lutheran in their tastes. Virtually no big hotels in cities but posh-countrified ones in places like Moreton-in-the Marsh, or indeed the interestingly named Freudenstadt. 'They all exist,' said a friend from another weekly, 'in what you might call the adultery belt. You know, where you're bound to meet someone you didn't want to see?'

☐ For the past nine years, I've been lucky. There have always been trees outside my bedroom window, and I've always had an office in Great Turnstile looking out on the trees of Lincoln's Inn. There was even an owl, at one point, that you could stare at when inspiration flagged. So if I ever complained about the little stresses of life to people not fortunate enough to have a room with such a view, they tended to be a bit sharp. Now I'm off to join them. I'm looking forward very much to the *Guardian*; but there aren't many trees in the Farringdon Road.

Corinna Adam

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ Pauline Jenkins had a 'hell of a shock' on her wedding night when she discovered that her husband was a woman. 'I threatened to leave there and then,' she told me. 'But I went downstairs and made a cup of tea instead.' – *News of the World* (Nicholas Jenkins)

☐ **'There were no incidents of violence' commented Mr Price, adding that when police had collected bottles of drink from fans at the entrance to the stadium, they were labelled with the owners' name and address and returned after the match. – *Morpeth Gazette* (C. Wigzell)**

☐ A drinks extension until midnight at the Bell Hotel, Charlbury, Oxfordshire, has been granted for a social and dance organised by Alcoholics Anonymous. – *Daily Telegraph* (A. Heigho)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

University Forum

John Street*

The Long Goodbye

It was a lousy day: it looked lousy and it smelt lousy. Outside it was raining, inside it was boring. I looked out of my window on the third floor onto the damp campus below. A few students were hurrying for shelter. I turned back to my desk and tried to read an article. Some nut from the States had sent me his piece on 'Freud, J. F. Kennedy, and the Argentinian Firecracker: The Libido in Politics'. Who needs this crap? I flipped a cigarette from the pack. Being a lecturer in Politics just about beats grave-digging for laughs.

There was a knock at the door, a firm knock. I reckoned it was a man, short and stocky, probably about 23 (in his shoes), left-wing, wearing a duffle-coat. It wasn't. She was tall, slim, with beautiful long blonde hair. Some dame. Things were picking up. I casually struck a match.

'What can I do for you, honey?' I muttered coolly.

'I need help.'

She had come to the right place. Out of her handbag she pulled a photograph and pushed it across the table to me. It was crumpled at the edges and badly creased. It was a picture of an old man, a very old man; he had a face like a crushed paper bag. Smiling, I lit the tipped end of my cigarette. I coughed.

'Who's grandad?'

'When I knew him he was called Politics, but he might have changed it by now.'

'So what's the pitch?'

'I want you to find him. I'm very worried about what's happened to him. He said he'd keep in touch but I haven't heard from him in years. I'll pay.'

I had nothing much else on, a paper on 'Modification by Migration: Vicissitudes of Cross-National Communication', but that was all. It could wait.

'OK, I'll do it, but you'll have to give me something to go on.'

'Well, I'm too young to know much. He and his family have been around for sometime. Most of his family emigrated to the States and got caught up in the computer business. The Greek side of the family seemed to have disappeared without trace, taking Democracy with them.'

Ah Democracy, that took me back. She used to be quite some girl: all things to all men. I wondered what had happened to the British end, so I asked.

'Oh, they got heavily involved in Government organisation during the war. It looks as if the line has almost petered out. The few left are showing signs of too much inbreeding.'

I'd seen them around – my department was run by one. His eyes had been ruined reading too many committee minutes and his body crippled by too much bowing and scraping in the corridors of power. It was not a pretty sight.

* * * * *

With this kind of case I always head first for the fence – to see who's sitting on it. I found her all right, she was called Libby Liberal. Liberals are easy to find, they're always in at least two places at once. She hung out in one of those ugly red-brick universities. It was a hole, and she was at the bottom of it. That's the price you pay for trying to please all the people all the time.

Her room was a bad collage of *Sunday Times* photo-spreads on Third World poverty, Che Guevara posters, and Indian silk prints. The smell of musk and dope made me feel like retching. I swallowed hard.

'When did you last see Politics?' Her dilated pupils looked past me – both ways at once.

'Christ, how am I supposed to remember? I guess it must have been sometime back in the Sixties. In Paris, Washington, Grosvenor Square, I don't know. Around then I guess. Does it matter?'

'Don't you think it might count for something, sugar?'

'Hell, no. He's probably doing his own thing somewhere. I can't get hung up on labels. You've gotta let your vibes do the walking. Dig?'

Like a JCB, I dug. 'So what do *you* do?'

'Political Psychology, man. That's where it's at. Behaviourism is all the rage. Science is a great liberating force, you know.'

I should have known: the Baader-Meinhof Gang just suffered from lousy toilet training; Hitler was just a guy with an oedipal complex; and as for Gengis Khan . . . Truth! These characters wouldn't recognise it if it slugged them with a knuckleduster.

'And what about values?' I asked.

'Hell, they're only conditioned behavioural responses. Hey man, you're a real square.' I quit.

* * * * *

I found 'Lefty' Marx working out at the gym. He used to be a boxer but now he just went there to keep in trim. His tired old body trembled under the weights. The only rounds he could survive were bought in the pub. Lefty, as his name suggested, was a southpaw. When he was in the ring, he used to box to win. Now there was a new set of rules, a new game, and a new crowd of fighters, they were called Structural Marxists. It was a clever ruse to keep one step ahead of the field – if you can't beat them, confuse them. The 'Marxism' was only there for appearance's sake, the 'Structure' was the real meat. It gave values the Big E, and it rubbed out strategy too. The fight was fixed.

Guys like Lefty never stood a chance. He took a swing at the punchbag. 'Yeah,' he muttered through swollen lips, 'they sewed me up good and proper.' I asked him about Politics. He gave the bag another dose of heavy punches. 'Yeah, I used to know him pretty well. We was good mates when we worked the Northern clubs together, but after the war he kinda went to pieces. These characters come along and tell him he's on Skid Row. And when he asks why they tell him that's the way it is, that there ain't no room for 19th-century romantics.'

The punchbag swung back and knocked him flat. I left him counting stars.

* * * * *

Oxford: the thinking man's Cambridge. I'd come to meet a guy named Constitution, he was a Fellow at an obscure college down near the railway station. The porter, who gave me the impression he'd be happier to see the bailiffs, showed me up to Constitution's room. Some room. There were books where most people had wallpaper.

I hardly noticed Constitution. He was a pathetic creature, a matchstick frame strained under the weight of a bloated belly. He waddled towards me. 'Drink?' he squeaked.

'Bourbon on the rocks.'

'Medium, Dry or Sweet?'

A wise guy. I hated him. I was supposed to crack the jokes round here.

'Now what can I do for you?' he said, disappearing from sight in the sofa. I explained my problem. He couldn't see it, as far as he was concerned Politics had never been away. Maybe he wasn't what he once was but who cared, he was just the fall guy. He took the rap when people screwed up on the case. 'Personally, I don't think there is anything to worry about. Politics has had a long run. It's time someone like his younger brother, Policy, took over. He's a much less messy worker.

The guy was as useful to me as Tom Stoppard would be to the Raymond Revue Bar. He slipped me a bill as I left. Who did he take me for? I looked at it, it was a Bill of Rights. Funny guy, I thought.

* * * * *

I hit the street again. It was still raining. I needed a drink. Just as I was deciding whether to make it a double or a triple, a big ape sidles up to me. He made Willie Whitelaw look like Robert Redford. He grabbed my jacket.

'Lay off me, you baboon,' I snarled. He wasn't doing market research.

'Who are you calling "baboon"?'

'Search me,' I quipped. He slugged me. It hurt.

'That's from Science,' he says, 'you should mind your own business.'

I was just composing a smart reply when the ground opened up and I fell in. The next thing I know I am staring up at the blonde dame who got me into all this. She looks down at me with those innocent eyes of hers. If my knees had any strength in them, they'd have gone weak. I tried to smile but it felt as if someone had stuffed my mouth with cotton wool.

'I've decided to drop the case,' she said. I tried to protest. 'You'll get paid if that's what's worrying you.'

She may have been quitting but I wasn't. This guy Science was no mug. He had all the guns. He had the franchise on the discipline, the universities, and the government, and I bet he did all right with hamburgers too.

*John Street studies politics at Nuffield College, Oxford.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

First Person

Arthur Marshall

Over There

One must clutch at life's meagre solaces as and when they chance to come along and I am extremely glad not to have to gaze more often than is absolutely necessary for washing it, shaving it or brushing its hair, at my face. Catching sight of it sometimes by mistake in an unexpected reflection in a shop window, I gasp and start back in horror. Can this be, I ask myself, the pencil-slim undergraduate who arrived at Cambridge in 1928 with the whole world before him and determined to do as little work as possible?

Yes, I fear, it can. My face is now like one of those large round loaves constructed at home by panicky housewives during the bread shortage – rather a lot of it, with odd bulges here and there and all of it pretty dull. But at least the alarmingly spacious visual area has not been increased by baldness. My hair, if now white, is still all there, though said by mocking and envious friends to be actually a wig from the famous theatrical *perruquier*, Gustave. This distinguished name reminds me of Lilian Baylis and one of her Old Vic actresses. Striding into the actress's dressing-room after a first performance, Miss Baylis said briskly 'That wig must go back to Gustave.' The actress, appalled, stammered out 'But Miss Baylis, this isn't a wig, it's my own hair.' 'I don't care whose it is,' Miss Baylis replied, 'it must go back to Gustave'.

Twenty years ago my face, looming large even then, was at risk. I was in New York and staying at the delightful Algonquin Hotel, celebrated for its wits' Round Table (and how fearfully agitating lunch at it must have been amid so many rather self-conscious funninesses). No hotel welcomes eccentrics more warmly under its wing. A lady, resident there and well known to me for many years, chose to do action-painting in her sitting-room and greatly enjoyed flicking blobs of colour about. In course of time she had managed to action-paint the room's carpet, walls and furniture, together with every exposed surface in her bedroom. For all I know she liberally action-painted the room service personnel when they arrived with meals. The splendid hotel authorities had taken these vigorous artistic endeavours firmly on the chin. The lady had many black friends in the world of jazz music, in which she was rightly held in high esteem. One of them, calling on her at dusk one day and wearing a bright blue suit, mistook her door and entered another room. With his face and hands merging invisibly into the corridor's darkness, it looked to anybody short-sighted as though a bright blue suit was walking by itself, unaided and uninvited, into the apartment. Loud screams and great confusions from the ancient female occupant.

Among the hotel's other eccentrics was a tallish lady with a curled lip and a forbidding look. Though doubtless a dear at heart, she was one of those people who, without realising it, speak their thoughts aloud and I was warned to avoid her if possible. She seemed to haunt the lifts and formed a daily hazard. I first heard her in action when some wretched woman, just in from shopping in New York's icy and snowy (it was January) streets and on her way up to her room, found herself suddenly addressed and speeded happily on by this female menace with the words 'You have very coarse skin'. My turn was to come. Descending alone from my room and on my way to shop in Bloomingdales (a vast and tip-top amalgam of Liberty's and Waring & Gillow and the Army & Navy Stores), the lift stopped at a floor en route to the ground and in she stepped. Down we went, while she stared unwaveringly at me. Silence, I thought I had escaped, but no. Just two words. 'Pudding face'. Well, it could have been a lot worse.

To me, New York City, however knee-deep in litter and muggers it may be said to be, remains a magical place and I keep abreast of all that is brightest and best on the American scene via the pages of the *New Yorker*. The London club of which I am so contentedly a part sells off at an advantageously cut rate, after a decent pause to allow the widest possible readership in the club rooms, back numbers of its magazines and I was lucky enough to scoop the ownership of this matchless feast of wit and enjoyment and good writing and information.

Bearing my spoils proudly home, I can now read at leisure of the sort of activities my American friends are indulging in, baffling though some of these may currently be (can it really now be possible to reach for the telephone and 'dial-a-joke' and how long will it be before this frightful amenity reaches us here?). For example, I see advertised a 'Harpsichord kit'. I take this to mean basic materials and blueprints with which to fashion in the home your very own personalised harpsichord and containing, I expect, the kind of mysterious instructions that for ever rule me out of the home harpsichord market. ('Slide walnut swivel-bar A-G into slotted cherrywood groove L-T, trim off nodules, assemble and adjust keyboard mechanism and then away you go on a joyous fragment from Scarlatti.')

Well then, available for both sexes in polished brass or copper and giving a 'constant boost to his or her confidence' comes the 'ego bracelet' featuring upon it the bold statement for all to see, DAMN I'M GOOD. Again, how long before these contraptions reach our shores? Bracelets of any sort are not much worn in Appleton and such an eye-catching adornment would cause raised eyebrows over the rectory tea-cups, the rector probably not realising that 'good' here stands for 'efficient and successful' and is quite without any moral significance. Coupled as it is with the word 'Damn,' the generally boastful effect would be unfortunate in the extreme. Consternation in the village would be complete were I to be seen in one of the T-shirts that seem to be all the rage over there and which have a wide variety of human faces printed on them. Who's afraid of Virginia Woolf? Well, I am for a start (and sick to death of her too) but here she is, visually available and gloomily pensive on a T-shirt. I could also appear, 'handsomely and washably screened on quality 100-per-cent cotton', as Bach, Amelia Earhart, Freud, Plato, Edgar Allan Poe, Pavlova and Gertrude Stein, none of them names or faces with which our village is entirely familiar ('Excuse me, is that Mrs Thatcher?').

There is another American availability that has always completely flummoxed me. I refer to 'sweat shirts'. Are these shirts to put on after violent exercise, or a kind of Turkish bath adjunct to help induce healthful sweat? Do interviewees wear them to mop up nervous and unwelcomed perspirations? My bewilderment is made complete by an advertisement photograph showing a pretty lady as fresh as a daisy in an 'ankle-length hooded sweatshirt'. It includes 'neck-to-navel zipper front, a hood for an air of mystery, and a roomy pouch-pocket', and one is encouraged to look on it not only as 'the good old slouch-around Saturday morning sweatshirt' but as a possibility for Saturday night as well and, even, boudoir time.

So many puzzlements there are. Do they really manage to sell 'Magnetic Soap Hangers' (press metal into your soap and then click the fragrant tablet to the wall)? Who positively uses a Vertical Car Compass ('Get headed in the right direction')? Can there actually be in Tennessee a town with the worrying name of Lynchburg? There is only one way to find out. I must go over again and see.

NEW STATESMAN INDEX

The index for July-December 1977 (Vol. 94) is now available, price 60p ($1.20) post free, from the publisher
10 Great Turnstile, WC1V 7HJ

THEOSOPHY
THE WISDOM RELIGION

Theosophy is a restatement of the eternal truths behind all the world's religions. It is a comprehensive non-sectarian, non-dogmatic religious philosophy, incorporating knowledge of Nature's inner laws and processes. All serious religious scholars and aspirants should have some knowledge of at least its basic principles.

Write for information to:
The Blavatsky Trust (K)
PO Box 16, London W3 6HS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor

The Power of Multinationals

Sir, John Kenneth Galbraith, 'In Praise of Multinationals', (NS 10 February) is living proof that if a man talks long enough, he will end up telling the truth. The NEW STATESMAN gave Galbraith four pages. In the last sentence on the last page Galbraith revealed what is bothering him. 'Great organisations that are so skilled in many other matters and pride themselves on their performance should not be so outrageously clumsy in the case they make for themselves.'

Galbraith speaks for the multinationals 'not out of compassion, not out of fear for (their) future, not even for any especial warmth of friendship, but rather out of a sense of offended art'. An economist is an artist? Two weeks after Galbraith, A. J. P. Taylor said (London Diary, 24 February) 'Economics, politics, . . . history are not sciences. They are exercises of the imagination exactly like writing poetry or painting pictures.' An artist sees the world as it is. He selects, rejects, and with his choices he builds a personal interpretation which he hopes will help others see clearly what he, the artist, thinks he sees.

Galbraith does not speak of morality, ethics. Bed-rock to the world of commerce is recognition that, as we say in the United States, 'business is out to make a buck'. Hardly news to Galbraith is the report in the *Dispatcher*, International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union (10 February 1978): 'The American Iron and Steel Institutes said the steel industry lost 33,000 jobs since October 1977. The steel industry is not unique, though. As more and more companies discover the attraction of sub-human wages overseas an increasing number of jobs are going to continue to be lost by Americans.'

'So what else is new?' asks any reader, and Galbraith too, when he sees in *Business Week*, 13 February 1978: 'US corporations continue to show a renewed interest in investing in Chile, where most have feared to tread since the late President Allende's wave of nationalisation in the early 1970s. Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co. is expected to . . . (spend) . . . $34m. to purchase a company jointly owned by the Chilean government and private shareholders. . . .'

Their crudity, their ineptitude at making themselves appear public benefactors, while driving brutally toward their prime objective, is the root cause of Galbraith's unhappiness with multinationals. Galbraith reasons that multinationals, perforce adept with politics and economics, should be able to manipulate self-praise into an art. Modesty restrains Galbraith from holding up as a model for emulation one person who has drawn praise for combining within himself, skills in three arts, history, as well as economics and politics. Harvard professor, preceptor to embryonic Ph.D.s, confidant of big business, popular writer, television lecturer, darling of Ladies' Clubs, almost a national treasure, Galbraith adds weight to truth.

RACHMIEL FORSCHMIEDT

6757 37th Avenue Southwest
Seattle, Washington

Import Controls

Sir, Your recent leader, 'The Case Against Import Controls' (NS 17 February), was ambitiously titled. But when the misrepresentations and the irrelevancies are ignored, what remains constitutes part of the case, not against but for the use of import controls as a weapon for the socialist regeneration of industry. The irrelevancy is best dealt with first. Import controls are a stretch of 'abandoned Conservative terrain'. So are good race relations. Controls are supported 'wherever industry is inefficient and antiquated'. So is new investment. A paper like the NEW STATESMAN should not need to be told that the attribution of guilt by association is not a valid form of political debate.

Misrepresentation is involved in your claim that import controls are insular and chauvinistic. Agreed they can be, particularly when directed against developing countries. But in 1976 83 per cent of non-oil imports were from developed economies. As part of a socialist strategy, the control of the import of manufacturers from developed countries is essentially internationalist. Unplanned trade transmits fluctuations in aggregate demand from the major economies of Germany, Japan, and the US to the rest of the world. What is being asserted in the planning of foreign trade is the right of all national governments to determine their own levels of demand and employment. If Herr Schmidt refuses to allow the German economy to expand, that is for him and the German people to decide. But it is scarcely chauvinistic to deny him the right to involve British workers in the effects of his decision.

What you present as a third argument against import controls is that British industry is irrationally organised, is deeply conservative, and suffers from structural employment. The medicine you prescribe is social ownership and public enterprise. So far so good. But this is not an argument against import controls; rather controls in specific industries are necessary precisely because industrial regeneration takes time, and there is no 'quick reformist solution': *quo vide* British Leyland. Fresh air is healthy, and keeping the room warm cannot of itself cure pneumonia. But throwing the bedroom windows open while the drugs are still being applied is an excellent way to kill.

PETER BIRD

75 Chattan Avenue
Stirling

Doctors as Gods

Sir, Donald Gould's 'Doctors as Gods' (NS 3 March) deals with an issue which is of vital importance and may be more so if, as seems probable, the Government intend to revise the rules governing Mental Health patients. A psychiatrist intervenes to prevent the marriage of a couple past child-bearing, who are recently discharged from hospital where they had been voluntary mentally ill patients. Whatever next?

ITV's *Weekend World* last Sunday discussed the question of the powers given to doctors to commit persons they consider mentally ill to compulsory stay, in hospital, for shorter or longer periods. The doctors also have an overriding power as to the treatment of such patients during their detention. The consideration on which such power is given is that the person concerned may do harm to him or herself or others. There is no doubt, however, that people unwilling to enter hospital are often committed for much less reason, it may well be for their own good.

But does this not raise the whole question of the liberty of the individual versus society? Are we not in danger of placing so-called specialists, doctors, or trained social workers above the law? Under the system that existed before the law was changed, a patient could not be committed without the consent of a magistrate, as well as two doctors not closely concerned. I would like to see this presence of the law reinstated. The function of a magistrate implies that he represents society. He (or she) has constantly to make decisions as to whether, on the evidence given, it is justifiable to deprive a person of liberty. The specialists concerned must be regarded as interested parties in the case. Persons whom we regard as mentally disturbed may be very tiresome. But that is no reason for locking them up. The more so as removal from ordinary society is likely to make them worse instead of better.

DORA RUSSELL

Carn Voel
Porthcurno, nr Penzance

The Second Tory Party

Sir, Anthony Howard (NS 3 March) criticises Conservative MPs because, apart from Edward Heath and Peter Walker, they have failed to dissent from Margaret Thatcher's hard line on immigration. In fairness, I must record that at the end of the Human Rights Society conference on religious education on 23 February Norman St John-Stevas stated from the chair that immigrants are not only equal but welcome in this country and that their presence does not diminish but enriches our society; and I must report that this statement was received with more applause and agreement than anything else said on that occasion. Mr St John-Stevas is of course not only a Conservative MP but the Shadow Minister of Education, Science and the Arts.

NICOLAS WALTER

134 Northumberland Road
Harrow

ANTHONY HOWARD *writes*: Mr Robert Rhodes James MP has now sent me a copy of the speech he delivered in Cambridge four days after Mrs Thatcher's Granada interview and, having read it, I would exempt him too from the indictment I made out.

Arthur Koestler

Sir, For the past two or three years I have been working on a critical biography of Koestler. He has been kind enough to give me unrestricted access to all his papers, most of which are still in my care. For that reason (and certainly not because Koestler, no stranger to controversy, requires me or anyone else to leap to his defence), perhaps you will allow me to comment on just one of the assertions made by Michael Mason in his interesting review of *Janus*: *A Summing-Up* (NS 24 February).

'The truth,' Mr Mason says flatly, 'is that Koestler has a deep hatred of science.' The truth, may I say no less flatly, is that I have found nothing in voluminous writings – published and unpublished, however speculative, provocative, far-fetched, and even (as some of his critics would say) 'cranky' – which indicates the slightest hostility to what we understand as 'scientific method.' More important, however, than my lay opinion is the fact that during many decades Koestler has collaborated, corresponded, and on occasion disputed with a formidable array of scientists and other academics who are no enemies of 'scientific method'. To refresh my memory I have just pulled out four files from the hundreds cluttering my study, and in them I find a copious correspondence with a number of British, American, Canadian, Swedish, Austrian, and German academics who occupy (or have occupied) in various universities and other institutions of higher learning chairs of Atomic and Molecular Physics, Anthropology, Biology, Brain Evolution and Science, Behavioural Science, Classics, Communications Theory, Ethology, Education, Economics, Embryology, Electronics, Genetics, History, History of Science, Histology, Linguistics, Mathematics, Music, Neurophysiology, Neurobiology, Neur-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ology, Natural Science, Physics, Psychology, Philosophy, Philosophy of Language, Political Science, Pharmacology, Sociology, and Zoology. (The list could be greatly enlarged from other files, but that will do to be going on with.) From my reading of the correspondence, I think that I can assert with some confidence that it will be news to those scholars that 'Koestler has a deep hatred of science . . .'

During my work on the biography I have been deeply impressed not merely by the fact that Koestler has been able to conduct a discourse with acknowledged authorities in various exact disciplines on something like equal terms, but even more by the fact that the academics' letters are almost invariably marked by admiration and respect – even (or perhaps especially) when they are questioning, criticising, or attacking Koestler's speculations and hypotheses.

Among the many letters I have myself received about Koestler and his writings there is one from a universally honoured FRS and Nobel Prizewinner (Physics) which expressed 'boundless admiration' for some of Koestler's scientific works and certain reservations about parts of others, and ended with the following comment on his last novel, *The Call Girls*: 'It is a violent but by no means unfair satire on some of our scientific contemporaries, but it does not have the stamp of an anti-scientific believer – only the stamp of a sceptic.'

A fair comment, I think. If Mr Mason had written that '. . . Koestler has a deep hatred of 'scienticism' he would in my view have been nearer the mark.

IAIN HAMILTON

31 Highgate West Hill
London N6

A Colourful Census

Sir, A. J. P. Taylor (London Diary, 17 February) is ten years out of date! His parents' birthplaces were asked in the 1971 Census, and are not planned to be asked in 1981. On the other hand, the 1981 Census *is* planned to include the following request: 'Please tick the appropriate box to show the race or ethnic group to which the person belongs or from which the person is descended.'

The alternative boxes proposed are: 'White/West Indian/African/Arab/Turkish/Chinese/Indian / Pakistani / Bangladeshi / Sri Lankan' (*New Society* 5 January). I have sought in vain to determine the social purpose of this question from the OPCS Census Division, who emphasise that Parliament will decide whether to include such a question. (My MP informs me that Parliament is unlikely to decide in the current session.) Quite apart from the 'non-white' categories, 'White' is of course neither a race, nor an ethnic group, nor a skin colour for that matter; consequently, one cannot describe oneself as either 'belonging' to it, or being 'descended' from it, *factually* speaking. If you tick 'Indian/Pakistani/Bangladeshi/Sri Lankan', you are also asked to tick another box: 'Hindu/Sikh/Muslim/Other.'

Britain has a tradition of compulsory census questions. However, the Northern Ireland Census regularly includes a *voluntary* question on religion. Thus, in 1971: 'State the particular *Religion, Religious Denomination or Body* to which the person belongs. (*The term "Protestant" should not be used alone and the title of any denomination should be given as precisely as possible.*)' The purpose of that question, which at least has the merit (atheists, idiots and infants aside) of factuality, can only be imagined. The published Northern Ireland Census tabulations include, for example, family size by religion (Roman Catholic/Other)! I can hardly be alone in wondering at both the meaning and purpose of the proposed 1981 Census question headed 'Race or ethnic group'. Can any NEW STATESMAN reader enlighten us?

PHILIP KESTELMAN

10 Carston Close
London SE12

Scottish Omens

Sir, Neal Ascherson may be right (NS 24 February). The main beneficiaries in any trouble arising from the 40 per cent provision in the referendum will certainly be the SNP. But suppose the vote goes against the legislation. Where does that leave all those who went spare at the latest 'insult' to the Scots? Personally, I do not think the referendum is anything like sewn up by the 'yes' faction. As I said somewhat facetiously in a recent letter in the *Scotsman*, unlike the EEC affair, the clever people are on the 'no' side this time. Which explains, incidentally, why there was no 40 per cent requirement in 1975.

Ascherson, of course, is a perceptive chap, and I think he'd agree that however the referendum goes the SNP could still sweep the board at the next election. Scots political observers are intrigued that in East Kilbride the Nats have expelled their provost for accepting a seat on the local Development Corporation, the same people in Glenrothes are wild because they were not offered a seat, while in Irvine the local stalwarts quietly accepted a seat there. An outfit that can get away with this kind of behaviour will get away with anything.

ARCHIE BIRT

44 Mathie Crescent
Gourock
Renfrewshire

Reality Checkpoint

Sir, While agreeing in substance with Malcolm Balen's article on the 'Kite', he seems to have missed the point of the words Reality Checkpoint. If he had ever walked across Parker's Piece at night on either of the diagonal paths, he would have noticed how dark the Piece (a 22-acre expanse of kept grass) actually is. The light merely service as a re-orienter, hence 'Reality Checkpoint'. Any attempt to place greater significance on this particularly entertaining piece of Cambridge *graffiti* is purely fallacious. The other diagonal leads from Parkside Community Centre to the Catholic church. Would he care to see any home-truth in this?

JONATHAN FRANKLIN

24 Parkside
Cambridge

Sir, While welcoming the airing given by Malcolm Balen's recent piece (NS 24 February) on the problems of the Kite area of Cambridge, I feel he has passed Reality Checkpoint without making the crucial shift from academic Cambridge to the actual 'reality' of the majority of Kite residents. To speak of it as an area 'where you go to find the unusual – second-hand shops, bric-a-brac, antiques, modern jewellery' is completely to misconceive the working-class reality of the area. Those shops and the trendy café with its neighbourly sign – in which most Kite residents have never set foot – are the parts which appeal to those undergraduates who manage to pedal across Parker's Piece. But most of the Kite's shops serve most of the Kite's residents – and many others from all over Cambridge – with their basic needs.

It really doesn't matter what it is about the Kite that appeals to Mr Balen – whether its 'variety', its 'unique charm' or its 'friendliness'. What matters is that people who have lived with blight for years, and have shown their willingness to work together in the move for 'gradual renewal' of *their* area, still can't make any impression on the unholy alliance of landowning colleges and the local authority. By all means let's be concerned, but not precious. The plight of the Kite is not the threat to a few boutiques. It is the struggle of its people for the democratic control of the streets and houses they live in.

JAMES STEWART

118 Plymouth Road
Penarth
South Glamorgan

Stranger than Faction

Sir, The confusion between 'faction' and 'fraction' bedevils many translations from Russian, in which one word – *fraktsiya* – is used for both concepts.

In its political use, 'fraction' means a group of members of a certain party working together in a setting where other parties are represented – as, for example, in a Parliament. Thus, there was a Bolshevik 'fraction' in the Duma in pre-revolutionary Russia. A 'faction', however, is an organised group of members of a party working *within the party* to promote a certain policy, in opposition to other members. Thus, there was a Bolshevik 'faction' in the Russian Social-Democratic Labour Party, opposed to the Menshevik 'faction', until they separated completely to form distinct parties.

BRIAN PEARCE

42 Victoria Road
New Barnet
Herts.

Nuts

Sir, 'Argument is the best weapon against violence and unreason and I have no doubt that it will continue to be so.' (London Diary, 3 March). This may well be a laudable article of faith for any reasoning spirit, but for a 'part-time academic' historian to suggest that it is a proposition based on historical evidence and as such bears some direct relation to the present reality is absurd. Reason alone has not proved to be an effective tool when used against 'violence and unreason'. It may be foolish to 'use a sledgehammer to crack a few nuts'. It would be insane to use a few nuts to crack a sledgehammer.

IAN NATHAN

South Kent College of Technology
Ashford, Kent

CAPRICORN
Printed T and Sweatshirts
IDENTIFY YOUR TEAM, CLUB, COMPANY, ETC. WITH EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS.
SUSSEX
SUB-AQUA
Apart from being really popular just now, our printed T and sweatshirts are obviously ideal for fund-raising and publicity. You just send us your design (Even a rough sketch will do) or slogan and we'll do the rest.
We permanently, screen print in wash-fast dyes to the highest standards in the business–up to five colours per garment, permanent white, gold, silver or velvet flock finishes. And we've got an unbeatable selection of garments to do it on! Top quality cotton T-shirts and capsleeves; thick, fleecy cotton sweatshirts, hooded sweatshirts and zipped, hooded sweatshirts.
There's no minimum order and prices are competitive. For personal attention and full details of how Capricorn custom printing can help you, just contact us at the address below.
Dept 61 Capricorn Graphics, PO Box 1, Offerton Industrial Estate, Hempshaw Lane, Stockport, SK2 5TX. Tel: 061-480 8241/2

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS IN GENERAL

John Bayley

If Life Could Write

Day by Day by ROBERT LOWELL *Faber & Faber* £3.95

Poets who make their poems and their readers a part of their daily lives are a feature of our time. Strange if Shelley, for instance, had been so familiar; had cast and recast for us anecdotes of his childhood, his schoolfriends, his marriages, his sensations and thoughts. Like most Western poets before us his creative consciousness was a sword to be used for and against the world, in the service of God or learning, atheism, progress, hope or despair. Now, to a poet, his consciousness seems to be all there is: nothing else has much sense any more.

This is not necessarily because we live in a nightmare age – on the contrary; our age may be too settled and cosy for external effort to seem worth while. Perhaps we have entered on a cycle of Cathay. Certainly, much of Lowell's late poetry has the beautifully crafted, unstrained intimacy of the Chinese classics. The ancient glittering eyes are gay because desperation is taken for granted and there is no need for their glance to convey it.

> Where is Hart Crane,
> the disinherited, the fly by night,
> who gave
> the drunken Dionysus firmer feet?
>
> To each the rotting natural to his age.
>
> Dividing the minute we cannot prolong,
> I stand swaying at the end of the party,
> A half-filled glass in each hand –

Li Po might also have raised a glass in each hand and drunk to another drunken poet. In the earlier part of the poem Lowell contemplates the friendly dereliction of his own house in Kent, which reminds him of Longfellow's house on Brattle Street, of 'the long face of his wife who burnt to death', and of 'the New England Augustans' who

> lived so long one thought
> the snow of their hair would never melt

and so via Hart Crane to the end of the party, the present moment. In the hands of a master like Lowell it is easy to forget how much sheer effort, how much manic will-power and ambition has gone into this leisurely and beautiful commonplace.

Though both Lowell and Berryman fit naturally in the tradition of the unfenced American consciousness, it is arguable that the way they craft that consciousness in verse did not originate in America. It is not compatible with the undifferentiated response of Wallace Stevens and his disciples, the 'latest free men' who homogenise experience in order to be and do the same as everyone else. That 'self' of Lowell and Berryman seems to have been inspired by Yeats out of Hardy, a dazzling hybrid of Hardy's musing day-by-day poetic being, and Yeats's highly conscious self-creating and recreating. Like Berryman's, Lowell's poetry seems designed to offer an absolute self even before Mallarmé's eternity has had a chance 'to change it into what it really is'. In this process one might say that the example of Hardy could supply the day-by-day continualness, that sense of the humdrum which liked to write about even the 'dullest of dull-hued days': Yeats supplied the drama and also the exclusiveness.

Lowell's connections were of course far grander than anything Yeats could manage – there would have been no need for him to record of the parish of Drumcliff 'An ancestor was rector here' instead of 'my grandfather was the curate' – and it is a nice question in what ways Lowell's position at the top of the American social tree affects his self-presentation. Certainly it gives it a kind of aristocratic gossipy ease and confidence; people with such connections assume the response of others, in their own class and outside it, and yet Lowell is far too confident ever to sound even faintly snobbish, as Yeats undoubtedly was. There is something spacious and seigneurial in his self-absorption, but its extraordinary appeal, as a 'Life Study', is neither social nor diagnostic.

Given that amount of talent feeling its way towards originality, any sort of poet might do it, and indeed Berryman is the other big instance of the fascination to be got out of the poet's day-to-dayness. 'Life, friends, is boring,' he wrote in *Dream Songs*: 'we must not say so'. And he went on to speak of his mother's dictum that the bored have no 'inner resources'. This indeed is a poetry without inner resources, which in a curious way makes it so compulsive. In a poem called 'The Shell', about another alter-ego poet, Lowell says that he was not

> comfortably himself
> when he made
> his verse the echo of his conscious mind.

The art is in holding the reader with a glittering eye by being all too uncomfortably yourself. Consciousness is what Berryman called 'irreversible loss'; both for him and Lowell, as Lowell writes in 'Art of the Possible':

> Your profession of making what can't
> be done
>
> the one thing you can do

doesn't apply to living –

> the art of the possible
> that art abhors.

For Hardy, as indeed for Tennyson, writing helped you to live; and in this sense Lowell and Berryman are scions of quite another tradition, the Continental one of the lost poet, the damned and the dandy. In this volume Lowell has recovered from the excess and inertia of *Notebook* and *History*, and moved very close to Berryman. He writes a poem for him headed 'after reading his last *Dream Song*'.

> Yet really we had the same life,
> the generic one
> our generation offered
> (*Les Maudits* – the compliment
> each American generation
> pays itself in passing . . .)
> We asked to be obsessed with writing,
> and we were.

The odd contemporary conjunction is that the *poète maudit* does not now reject life as something for the valets, but claims to *be* it.

> In the old New York we said,
> 'If life could write,
> it would have written like us.'

The poetry does indeed give a powerful illusion to that effect, for us at this moment; but for how long?

Mothers of course continue to play a big part. Lowell's is an old friend since the day when her body was shipped back from Italy, 'wrapped in foil like panettone'. She and her psychoanalyst's practice – shared, it seems, with Merrill Moore – appear a good deal in *Day by Day*, no longer as the figure in *Life Studies*, caught expertly by Lowell's terrible camera, but as a presence to be pondered in a no less deadly but more comradely fashion:

> It has taken me the time since you died
> to discover you are as human as I am . . .
> if I am.

In the poem 'Unwanted' she is compared with another of the same kind:

> I read an article on a friend
> as if recognising my obituary:
> 'Though his mother loved her
> son consumingly,
> she lacked a really affectionate nature;
> so he always loved what he missed.'
> This was John Berryman's mother,
> not mine.

As he says in another poem: 'this is not the directness that catches/everything on the run and then expires'. The stylishness that was typical of *Life Studies* – the poem arrested by its own finality, like a suicide hitting the pavement – has developed through *Notebook* and *The Dolphin* into a style almost too relaxed and judicious, but such a poem as 'Unwanted', the moving masterpiece of this book, is a complete justification.

> Is the one unpardonable sin
> our fear of not being wanted?
> For this, will mother go on cleaning house
> for eternity, and making it unlivable?
> Is getting well ever an art,
> or art a way to get well?

For a poet so wholly identified with difficulties in living there is something heroically natural in rising to the challenge of knowing one is on the way out. Yet as any *New Yorker* poem today shows us, the tone of true desperation can also be imitated. Even Lowell, like Larkin, is sometimes caught in his own manner, but Lar-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

kin's poems can turn this sardonically to account by sending up their own awareness of it, as in 'I work all day, and get half drunk at night'. The Lowell equivalent –

> I cannot sleep solo,
> I loathe age with terror

– is unresonant, for in poetry, as in many other affairs of life, American know-how cannot take that wryly complacent English pleasure in things going and being wrong. Lowell deals with desperation, as with the way it repeats itself, in a manner quite different from that of Empson or Larkin. On other subjects than self and family and friends – history and the human predicament for instance – he is apt to beat the air or to be smart, as in 'Since 1939', which refers to Auden and by implication to his poem on that 'low dishonest decade', and ends:

> if we see a light at the end of the tunnel,
> it's the light of an oncoming train.

Some curious exclusiveness in Lowellian honesty makes it impossible for him to achieve the public or the epigrammatic note; but the opening poem, 'Ulysses and Circe', is a tender conjugal allegory of the most effective kind, which treats the figures of the myth as if they were self and father, wife and friends.

So is 'Marriage', a meditation on Van Eyck's picture of the young Arnolfini couple, and also on his own poetry and current domesticity. 'The picture is too much like their life' is an odd commentary on his own life studies, which pull off the triumphant paradox of such art – being of absorbing and almost magical interest while at the same time conveying that there is nothing really very interesting about them or about the poet himself. Another and more moving paradox of the poetry is that its restlessness is a real progress:

> we learn the spirit is very willing to give up
> but the body is not weak and will not die.

Trying to be nothing but itself, it still grows and develops, always on the move outwards and never settling for good in a well-known area – 'no dog knows my smell'. 'The Downlook' speaks of 'an anthology of the unredeemable world', but

> There's no greater happiness in days of
> the downlook
> than to turn back to recapture former joy.

That is a splendid denial of Dante's famous commonplace about the greatest misery being to remember happiness in time of misfortune, and it is followed by other lines which both affirm and share the happiness of art.

> others have been lost like this,
> yet found foothold
> by winning the dolphin from the
> humming water.

Since it matured, Lowell's poetry was always a kind of diary ('we are designed for the moment') and now it is over it still seems to continue like one, holding triumphantly at bay the truth enunciated by the 'dead master' of *Little Gidding*.

> For last year's words belong to last
> year's language
> And next year's words await another voice.

Russell Davies

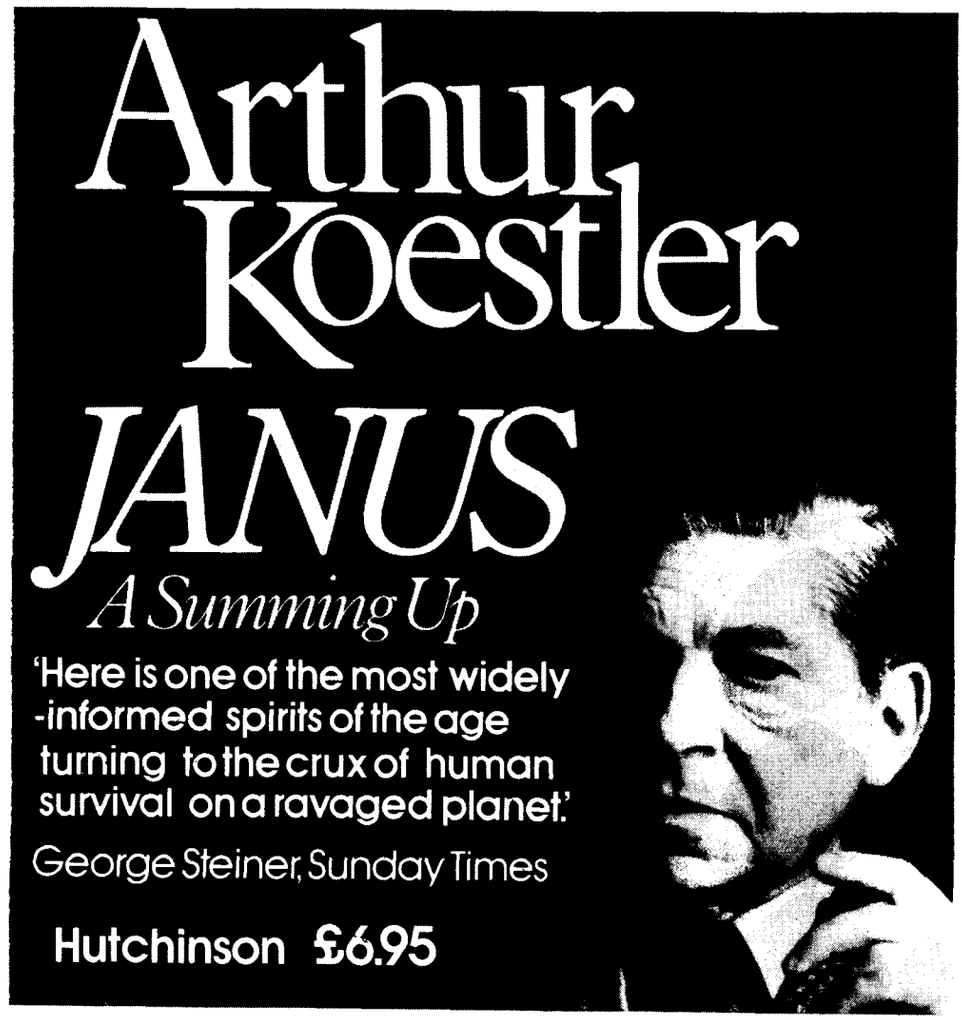
The Crack-Down

Torture: The Grand Conspiracy by MALISE RUTHVEN *Weidenfeld* £10

Most of us will get through life without being tortured, I expect, but few of us will die in the happy conviction that no torturing has been undertaken on our behalf. We know the score. Civilisation has progressed to the point where its beneficiaries assume an entitlement to security: the stability of the nation-state, the freedom of the immediate community from violence, whether political or criminal. But the 'right' to such an assumption is maintained artificially by direct authoritarian state institutions. To these – police, customs, and so on – we have traditionally allowed, by design or by default, what might be called a margin of clumsiness: a permitted, though not necessarily *ad*mitted, minimum of repressive activity, undesirable in principle but capable in practice of choking off growths of insubordination as they occur, or of acting as a deterrent upon those who contemplate violent dissent.

Attitudes to all this are in the process of change, however. We are very much better informed than we were. The cries of individual victims do make themselves heard; so that any sufferer of deliberately imposed pain will soon find champions to carry his case before higher authorities – who can no longer realistically take refuge in protestations of ignorance. The upshot of this, regrettably, is that the paranoia of regimes – the source of torture throughout history – is often exacerbated. The dilemma of humanitarians is that by objecting passionately to the abuses already current, they make it increasingly likely that worse will follow. We live in the age of the 'crack-down'. But then we always have. The present left-right polarisation of our own society is only a new expression of a very old political division – possibly it is basic enough to be called a division of temperament – between people whose working-out of moral awareness is the individual conscience and those who feel that nationhood, the integrity of institutions, is the concept in which ideals of rightness must repose. It is the incapacity to understand what is interesting about the individual, apart from his willingness to conform, that allies rabid nationalists to torturers of every epoch. How right it was that the activities of Senator McCarthy became known as 'witch-hunts': for this was a perfect revival of medieval conspiracy theory, with all the trimmings – the purgative intent; the willingness to sell judicial immunity in order to set off chains of denunciation; the heedlessness of the degree of actual harm caused to society by the accused; and so forth.

A case like McCarthy's, of course, has


Arthur Koestler
JANUS
A Summing Up
'Here is one of the most widely-informed spirits of the age turning to the crux of human survival on a ravaged planet.'
George Steiner, Sunday Times
Hutchinson £6.95

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Time to put the record straight

To: Rt. Hon. Edmund Dell, M.P., Secretary of State for Trade.

MR DELL, we are representatives of family Datsun garage businesses all over the country, in which we have invested everything we own and which employ around 18,000 British people.

We are speaking out now, Mr. Dell, because our livelihood, the jobs of our employees, and those of many thousands of other workers employed producing components and spare parts for us are threatened by the long and persistent campaign against car imports from Japan.

Many statements have been made with incorrect "facts" and assumptions that make the Japanese appear responsible for all the troubles of the British motor industry and, indeed, of our economy.

We wonder in fact whether this campaign against Japan really has the interests of the British economy or British Leyland at heart, or is of help in furthering British exports to Japan.

We understand the concern about the huge investment of public money in British Leyland, but we cannot see how their problems, which started long before the first Japanese car was imported, will be helped more by attacking Japanese car imports than other car imports, which are more than three times greater.

Whether the Japanese share is 10% of the U.K. market for which you are fighting or remains at 10.6% or even 11% will have as much effect in curing Leylands problems as an aspirin in curing pneumonia.

A look at the facts

Because of repeated T.V. interviews and statements reported in newspapers over a long period, together with inaccurate information which is circulating about the import of Japanese cars to the U.K., we, as Datsun Dealers, with our livelihood at stake, felt it necessary to investigate the facts and the importance of this problem for Britain. We have come to the puzzling conclusion that:

* **Total imports to Britain from Japan—of cars, T.V.'s, cameras, everything—account for only 3% of our total import bill... yet there appears to be more concern about them than the other 97%.**
* **The cost of *all* Japanese cars brought into Britain is only 0.7% of our total import bill and cannot in any way be responsible for our trade problems.**
* **Only 23% of all imported cars come from Japan... yet it is never suggested that the other 77% of imported cars are "threatening" the British car industry.**

You will be aware that in the past two years the market share of Japanese cars in Britain has increased by only 1.57% and yet total imports have gone up by 12.15%. Is it fair to suggest that growth by 1.57% is a "soaring" increase, while 10.58% extra from France, Germany, Italy, etc. is not? Can it be overlooked that last year Fiat of Italy alone increased its car sales to Britain by 17,420, almost as much as all *five* Japanese car importers put together.

We have read and heard many times that a "flood" or "blizzard" of Japanese cars into Britain is threatening to destroy the British car industry, but such statements have no basis in fact. The official statistics are:

Registrations in the U.K. in 1977

Total Imports	600,577	(45.38%)
Japan	140,415	(10.61%)
E.E.C. & Others	460,162	(34.77%)

Could anyone suggest that our level of mathematics is such that we see 34.77% as a trickle and not worth mentioning, and 10.61% as a "flood"?

It has been suggested that because Japanese cars accounted for 13% of the U.K. market in January that this indicates a trend of great concern. Even a superficial study of the car market shows that one cannot judge a year's statistics on one month alone, or even two, because of fluctuations in demand, availability, price changes, seasonal factors, and so on. The level can be 6% in one month and 14% in another. It is the average for the year that counts. It is because such elementary facts are circumvented that misleading conclusions are regularly, if not intentionally, formed and published.

Would Leyland benefit?

We wonder too if Leyland would benefit by car imports from Japan being reduced.

Importers from Europe are not running charity organisations for the benefit of Leyland as they have shown so often in the past. Each time in the last three years that Datsun Dealers have voluntarily restricted sales, European importers have leapt into the vacuum.

In December last year, when Datsun voluntarily restricted sales to 2% of the market, and angered many customers, the Japanese share of the market fell by 4% *but total imports stayed the same at around 45%*. Leyland gained nothing from our gesture, their market share in fact dropping half a per cent, while other importers were happy to take advantage of Datsun's virtual absence from the market. A similar situation occurred during August and September— when Datsun cut back on sales, Fiat, Renault, V.W. and others increased their market share substantially. On *both* occasions, British Leyland's share dropped instead of improving.

We would not like the examples we have given to be interpreted in any way as a suggestion that we would like other importers to face restrictions, even accepting that Fiat has announced that it plans to increase its sales to 90,000 next year, an increase of 36%.

To reduce Japanese car sales in this way protects the jobs of French, Italian and German workers, but not those of British Leyland workers.

Would it not be more helpful if the 134,286 cars built abroad last year and sold here as "British" Allegros, Escorts, Capris, Granadas, Vauxhall Cavaliers etc. (a total almost the same as all Japanese imports) had been built in Britain? *The Times* reports that only 67% of Vauxhalls sold in Britain are really British and 75% of Fords. Latest statistics for January and February show that even these figures are dropping to 62% of Vauxhalls and 72% of Fords.

Selling cars to Japan

In your remarks on television on Thursday February 23rd, when you were asked about 500 Leyland cars for which Leyland Japan have been waiting for some months you replied:

"Don't let anyone imagine that it is easy to sell motor cars in Japan. If you look at the figures, not just of our exports of motor cars to Japan, but the exports by Germany and other motor car manufacturers to Japan, you will see that it is very difficult to sell motor cars in Japan."

We have looked at the exports by Germany to Japan, and we see that in 1976 alone they sold 21,176 V.W's, Audi's.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mercedes, BMW's and the like to Japan at an estimated value of over £100 million. That number of cars was *higher* than Britain's exports to the "easy" markets of car producing countries such as Germany, France and Italy in either 1976 or 1977 as you will see from the statistics below. So perhaps the low number of British cars exported to Japan has something also to do with the British side?

Japan has deliberately been making it easier for countries with which she has a trade surplus to export their goods to Japan. This year, while Britain retains 11% Import Duty on all Japanese cars sold here, Japan is lifting this "barrier" and will impose no duty at all on British cars exported there. She has also already given Britain's car exporters two extra years to meet exhaust emission regulations which are strictly imposed on Japanese manufacturers in their own country. They have even satisfied the complaint that their regulations were difficult to follow, by producing them in *English* for the benefit of companies like British Leyland. Are British regulations translated into Japanese? No.

On many occasions, Nissan has offered shipping facilities to British Leyland and the use of Datsun dealerships in Japan to service Leyland cars, but the offers have not been accepted.

Department of Trade statistics show that in other car producing countries, British cars are not selling very well and that surely is not the fault of the Japanese. We wonder why Japan is singled out with accusations about the difficulties of selling, if our car sales to other car-producing countries are not much better.

U.K. Imports/Exports Passenger Cars by Quantity

	1976			1977		
Country	Exports	Imports	U.K. Deficit	Exports	Imports	U.K. Deficit
W. Germany	14,392	108,123	− 93,731	13,809	174,747	−160,938
France	12,815	131,336	−118,521	14,989	148,290	−133,301
Italy	6,175	64,083	− 57,908	9,787	88,442	− 78,655
Bel/Lux	17,071	44,713	− 27,642	10,863	59,917	− 49,054
Total E.E.C.	129,006	361,710	−232,704	131,376	483,364	−351,988
Sweden	4,283	24,645	− 20,362	4,941	21,574	− 16,633
E. Europe	2,638	20,292	− 17,654	1,831	26,886	− 25,055
Japan	896	129,788	−128,892	2,172	166,694	−164,522

U.K. Imports/Exports Passenger Cars by Value (£'000)

	£	£	£	£	£	£
W. Germany	30,819	249,841	−219,022	38,216	434,641	−396,425
France	25,852	207,525	−181,673	34,259	265,648	−231,389
Italy	9,077	88,807	− 79,730	17,271	144,799	−127,528
Bel/Lux	23,179	74,799	− 51,620	23,355	115,905	− 92,550
Total E.E.C.	171,287	643,313	−472,026	232,561	981,793	−749,232
Sweden	6,175	68,530	− 62,355	8,862	65,481	− 56,619
E. Europe	2,891	14,266	− 11,375	2,723	23,118	− 20,395
Japan	4,179	159,533	−155,354	8,804	248,495	−239,691

Trading with the World

We accept that Japanese imports to Britain are growing—but so are British exports to Japan of many products. In fact, it is one of our fastest growing export markets and must be cultivated. It is true that our visible trade deficit with Japan is £596 million, but, as the Parliamentary Under Secretary for Trade, Mr. Michael Meacher, has said, our surplus on invisibles cuts that to around half that figure.

Our visible deficit with the Common Market was around £2,000 million, and would have been £550 million higher but for our export of crude oil. Our deficit with West Germany alone on visible trade was £1073 million, with Italy it was £553 million and with France £512 million. We also have deficits of £580 million with America, £520 million with Saudi Arabia, £510 million with Canada, £430 million with Russia (apart from their credit-free loan) £300 million with South Africa, and so on.

There is undoubtedly scope for improvement to increase our exports to Japan... but so there is in many other markets.

The media coverage given to the deficit with Japan, totally ignoring similar or higher deficits with other countries, suggests a striking bias.

The role of the S.M.M.T.

It has been suggested many times that the Japanese have "broken" a voluntary agreement about the level of their car sales in Britain in 1976 and 1977.

The S.M.M.T., who have conducted the negotiations and are best qualified to know, have never accused the Japanese in this way and have stated through their President that the Japanese, in contrast, have "shown sense during the British industry's period of reconstruction."

We consider it incorrect that the S.M.M.T., which is a private organisation to support the interests of the motor industry as a whole, including manufacturers, importers and their dealers, should be instructed to obtain discriminatory restrictions from Japan against the policy and interests of their members. Including all importers and the major companies such as Ford, Vauxhall and Chrysler, who have stated that they are against import restrictions. The recent conversion of British Leyland and Mr. Michael Edwardes is easy to understand and not so significant.

We would recall the comment of *New Statesman* on February 17th 1978:

"Not only are import controls an insular—almost at times chauvinist—policy, they also involve a real danger of masking the actual problem and suggesting a false solution."

No unilateral discrimination

We are not asking for special treatment, Mr. Dell, just for fair play and for our right as ordinary British people to be protected from unilateral discrimination. We have to defend our employees and our livelihood.

We are also anxious to see the British motor industry improve its situation for the good of the country and to provide a healthy U.K. car market, but we see only that this present campaign against the Japanese in isolation makes them a scapegoat in a way that threatens our livelihood and the jobs of our employees, without creating any benefit at all for British Leyland or the country. Ignoring the facts doesn't make them disappear.

We do not intend to take advantage of the present Leyland difficulties, but neither can we accept to be accused and pilloried, if our market share varies by decimal points. In fact, we are amazed at the level of approach to the car import/export situation, where a small decimal increase by Japanese cars in the U.K. is given more prominence than a major earthquake.

Such an increase matters not a ha'penny to Leyland or the British economy—what matters is the *value* of cars imported and the *employment* they represent.

In the same way that you cannot compare the material and labour content of a Mini with that of a Jaguar, neither can you compare a small Datsun with a Mercedes or BMW. So a judgement based on numbers alone may appeal to emotion, but not to reason, for it does not bear relation to economic reality, either for the U.K. economy or for Leyland.

We would not feel it fair for an accusing finger to be pointed at us if sales increase by decimal points because we have to cover the soaring costs of inflation to avoid bankruptcy for some of us, or putting workers on the dole. What is fair for one is fair for another.

For these reasons we ask you to look again at the situation in depth, so that the Press and public can see the problem in its true light and in proportion to its significance.

Issued by the Datsun Dealers' Association with the support of Datsun U.K. Limited

Mr. P. Fletcher, Fletcher Motors Ltd., Leeds *(Chairman)*
Mr. J. Bradburn, Bradburn Bros. Ltd., Wolverhampton
Mr. H. Cole, Ancaster Garages, Croydon
Mr. K. Knowlson, North Wales Car Centre, Abergele
Mr. C. Sang, Datsun Baker Street Ltd., London
Mr. W. Weir, Bill Weir Ltd., Glasgow

Statistics from: 1. Overseas Trade Statistics of the United Kingdom 1977. 2. Society of Motor Manufacturers & Traders publications 1977/78.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more to do with conspiracy and blackmail than with systematic violence. Precisely the same can be said of Malise Ruthven's book on the subject. It is a curious performance, topped and tailed by interesting fragments of moral philosophy but obsessed for most of its length with pinning a label marked 'The Grand Conspiracy' on the procedures of tormentors as various as the witch-finders, the Inquisition, the British colonialists in India and Stalin's secret police. The Nazis do not qualify for much more than a passing mention; and from the reason Ruthven gives for this omission one can deduce (more readily than from the relevant part of his positive argument) what he feels to be the common element of theory and practice in the examples he has preferred. 'Since terror amounted to a whole culture under the Nazis,' he writes, 'the characteristic rationalisation of torture within an inquisitorial system never evolved.' For all that the Jews were being held responsible for a global plot more monstrously chimerical than anything concocted in the Middle Ages, the Nazis, as Ruthven puts it, 'never developed an inquisitorial style of machinery for uncovering this diabolical conspiracy, whose existence seems to have been taken for granted'. Indeed, there is no 'seems' about it. Nazi paranoia was not a by-product of the system's activity, but a precondition of its existence. And having provided community of purpose, it did not need to be further examined, ratified or confirmed by extorted 'evidence'. So torture in Germany was not a means of maintaining Hitler's version of the right, but simply the loathsomely appropriate expression of that 'right'. It was 'natural superiority' working itself out.

Whether this argument satisfactorily distinguishes the Gestapo from their precursors in the torture-chamber I am not so sure. They were not the first, after all, to practise private violence for more or less abstract purposes. In a sense, all torture applied without the intention of extracting information about the victim's accomplices is aiming at very notional gains. Inquisitor or NKVD man, Greek colonel or Vietnam sergeant, one proceeds from a (frequently fantasticated) conviction that the person is guilty of the postulated crime, and one makes him suffer until he admits it. At that moment, he has become what one 'knew he was' (i.e. wanted him, for one's own purposes, to be). This does not seem to be very different from the Nazi procedure of proclaiming Jews to be sub-men, and then starving them until they fulfil the terms of the proclamation. In both cases, what is going on is virtually an exercise in redefinition: what it suits me to say you are, that you shall be.

In its opening chapter, Ruthven's book seems set on getting to grips with these horrific intangibles. By concentrating on Europe's most celebrated abolitionists – chiefly Beccaria (grandfather of Alessandro Manzoni) and his disciple Jeremy Bentham – he addresses himself to central questions. Is torture a good way to discover the truth? What use is a compelled allegiance? In cases where society's utilitarian interests are clearly involved, may torture legitimately be used, as Bentham conceded, 'where it was certain that the victim had it in his power to stop the torture by doing what was required of him?' An attempted answer to this last question would have been of particular interest at the present time, when we are none of us altogether sure what degree of excess force our representatives in Northern Ireland are exerting.

But in the chronological survey that follows – beginning somewhat dimly in the Ancient World – these considerations gradually go astray. The mass of evidence Ruthven has collected demonstrates time and again how Church and State have encouraged superstitious fears of diabolism and sedition in order to strengthen their hold on the populace. However, somehow the crudity of the scaremongering tactic drags the book gradually down. There is something dreadfully depressing about seeing superstition so easily generated and so remorselessly exploited. One begins to wonder whether Church or State could ever have laid claim to a spontaneous *raison d'être*, or whether they are not just persecution mania institutionalised. The Reformation, Ruthven notes, only intensified the programme of retribution; and though moderating voices were raised in 17th-century Germany (*Cautio Criminalis*, by Friedrich von Spee, stayed in print for a hundred years), it was not until the 19th century that the authentically indignant tones of individual protest were heard. Here is Dickens on solitary confinement:

> I hold this slow and daily tampering with the mysteries of the brain to be immeasurably worse than any torture of the body . . . therefore I denounce it as a secret punishment which slumbering humanity is not roused up to stay.

This last remark points to the core of our present-day abhorrence of torture, and to the best possibility of restraining those who still use it to hold back history. Torture is a private act; and there is nothing this scientific age detests more heartily than that which it cannot see. If anything will rouse up slumbering humanity at last, it is this frustration, and the consequent passion to expose, expose. At the same time, there is an appalling danger that the exposure will grow so commonplace that the use of naked compulsion becomes part of the next generation's expectations of life. As I said before, I am not expecting it – but nothing in this book tempts me to think that governments have yet acquired a sense of shame in these matters. In the meantime, one's only recourse is to individual process, the very thing that will help to fuel whatever Grand Conspiracy is now going forward.

NABOKOV His Life in Part
ANDREW FIELD
'Easily the best portrait we have.' *Alex de Jonge, Sunday Telegraph*
'The book displays manifest strengths and gifts, such as linguistic flair, literary insight, originality of approach, deep personal involvement.' *Eric Sams, New Statesman*
HAMISH HAMILTON £8.50

M. R. D. Foot

From Evil

Resistance in Vichy France by H. R. KEDWARD *Oxford* £8.50

H. R. Kedward has tackled triumphantly one of the most awkward problems in resistance history. When the French were defeated by the Germans, with humiliating completeness, in June 1940, France was split in half. The north-west was occupied by the Germans, and largely administered by them from Paris; the south-east, as yet unoccupied, was run from Vichy by Marshal Pétain, who took at the age of 84 the title of Chief of State. The generals all blamed the politicians for the defeat; the politicians blamed each other. Pétain, ostentatiously 'above' politics, seemed to provide the one fixed landmark in a world in which all other landmarks had been swept away. He was so much revered by the sycophants round him that a variant on the Lord's Prayer was put out, which concluded: 'Lead us not again into empty dreams and lies. And deliver us from evil, O Marshal of France.' All his supporters said that the only realistic, commonsense course was to rely on the Marshal's sagacity and have done with politics.

The Vichy regime wanted to make a clean break with the Third Republic, and to persecute the parties of the Popular Front – particularly the communists, at that time the universal scapegoat. Had not Stalin's pact with Hitler unleashed the war? Mr Kedward shows most skilfully what awkwardnesses that pact created for the party. In a still more interesting and more unexpected passage he explains how Vichy, by persecuting the communists, reinforced them: the attempt to do away with politics rebounded on its makers, and communist-inspired resistance always had a strong political flavour.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

After the German attack on Russia, on the first anniversary of the armistice with France, it was easier for the communists to get on with their fellow Resisters; they could soon work their passage back. They dropped their hitherto continual attacks on English city financiers; and intellectuals' resistance journals such as *Les Petites Ailes* and *Liberté* 'accepted the need to support Russia despite their hostility to communism'. Most of these journals were run by dons, or by professional newspaper men, or by disaffected officers; though as Mr Kedward and others have found, it is not possible to lay down which social groups will turn to resistance in a given context and which will not. As one of his sources put it in an interview,

> A militant is someone who is born that way. One is a fighter by nature. For that reason there was no merit in being a Resister. One was there by nature. People rarely became Resisters by conscious deliberation. There were many jobs and professions represented in the Resistance, simply because it was a question of character, not politics.

And as the author says himself, discussing Resisters' marked tendency to believe that they were right, even when they appeared unrealistic or unpractical: 'The possession of a strongly self-determining, independent and combative personality is not inevitably synonymous with maladjustment, either personal or social.'

Mr Kedward's great advantage when he writes about politics is that he understands history. One of his book's main virtues is that he shows how much the people of southern France in those years of defeat and despair were conscious of, and sustained by, the knowledge of previous national catastrophes and of the traditional remedies for them. Dreyfus, Napoleon, Danton, even Joan of Arc were still names to conjure with, and allusions to them were picked up readily. It is true that one of his sources blamed the defeat, in part, on the schools:

> The schoolteachers before 1914 had inculcated a strong sense of patriotism and civic duty. They died in the trenches. The new generation of teachers was more political and no longer valued morality and patriotism.

In general, though, the French did maintain grasp enough on their past to be able to spot secular types of enemy when they recurred in an uncomfortable present.

No one is going to blame Mr Kedward for having left all the military aspects out of his purely political study; he puts the active *réseaux* that dealt in intelligence, escape and sabotage almost entirely on one side. He has taken enormous trouble to inform himself, and has mastered a great mass of once-clandestine newspaper material. (It would be interesting to know whether he saw *L'Humanité* in its original state or in one of the antedated doctored versions run off by the communist hierarchy just after the war.) Historians like to get their teeth into written evidence; here it is in plenty, properly supplemented by interviews and by other people's books. Yet a study of resistance that confines itself, basically, to the clandestine press is bound to be incomplete: there was a great deal more to the struggle than that. A sharp enough instance is given by one woman he saw from Tulle in Corrèze, who confined herself to remarking that one day she came back from shopping to find her husband and her son dangling from her balcony, strung up with five score neighbours by the SS.

Stephen Koss

Vitriol & Vinegar

The Cartoon History of the American Revolution by MICHAEL WYNN JONES *Croom Helm* £9.95

Daily Sketches: A Cartoon History of 20th-Century Britain by MARTIN WALKER *Muller* £6.50

Even at its best, journalism is literature at its most ephemeral, and never more than when it addresses itself to political topics. It may flow from the pen, or nowadays pour from the electric typewriter, like molten lava; but it cools as soon as it reaches its destination on the printed page, and thereafter loses first its urgency and eventually much of its intelligibility. The same holds even truer for the political cartoon or 'pictorial propaganda', as Michael Wynn Jones aptly calls it. Last week's Garland or yesterday's Marc may long continue to command admiration for their draughtsmanship. Yet, as the events that inspired them recede into the past, it becomes as difficult to perceive their significance as to gauge their influence. Already many of the subjects that invited Partridge's ridicule in the Twenties or aroused Low's indignation in the Thirties seem as remote as those which in the 18th century had excited 'Anon', whom Wynn Jones acknowledges as 'by far the greatest contributor' to his handsome collection.

Prefaced by incisive essays and interlaced with interpretative commentaries, these volumes manage to recapture a good deal of the flavour of the times which they depict. Like newspapers themselves, the cartoons they feature may be consulted profitably, if cautiously, as 'documentary material'. Acutely alert to both the pitfalls and the potential, Michael Wynn Jones and Martin Walker have each provided stimulating surveys. Strictly speaking, Wynn Jones is dealing with caricatures, as 'cartoon' had yet to acquire its modern definition: who can forget that splendid routine in which 'Pete' Cook and 'Dud' Moore stared vacantly at the Da Vinci cartoon on exhibit at the National Gallery, unable to appreciate the joke? Nevertheless, both authors are essentially concerned with the same art-form, which could be satirical to the point of subversion, and capable of achieving (in Wynn Jones's words) 'an immediate impact and a shrewd political insight'. Like all forms of journalism, that impact defies measurement and presumably varies according to circumstances. 'Cartoonists can wield an awesome power,' Walker declares, and Wynn Jones quotes Charles James Fox's statement that 'the cartoons of Sayers had cost him more votes in the House of Commons than all the speeches of his opponents'. The argument ought not to be pushed too far, even in Fox's case. Joseph Chamberlain took a perverse delight in the cartoonists' attacks upon him, and Macmillan turned them to his electoral advantage. More to the point, Wynn Jones apparently shares Walker's 'hunch . . . that cartoonists have their greatest influence when they encapsulate the existing mood of their audience, rather than when they try to create one'.

Concentrating on the 'engravers' who, more by form than subject, 'were the inheritors of Hogarth's tradition', Wynn Jones tacitly disputes Walker's assumption that the political cartoon owed its origins to the technological advances and social changes of the late 19th century. Yet the examples Walker has assembled, extending chronologically from Francis Carruthers Gould (F.C.G. to his devoted readers in the *Westminster Gazette*) to Phil Evans, contrast sufficiently with their predecessors to justify the claim that, however great their debt to the themes and devices of earlier generations, 20th-century cartoonists evolved a unique set of characteristics. 'I etch with vinegar not vitriol,' explained Gould, whose drawings could never be mistaken for those of 'Anon'. That Walker accords due prominence to him and Tenniel may be taken as proof of the survival of Victorian talents. The change in centuries was more pronounced in some cases than

The Older Hardy

Robert Gittings

Robert Gittings's first volume of the life of Hardy, *Young Thomas Hardy*, was universally acclaimed as a masterly biography. This eagerly awaited second volume covers the last fifty years of Hardy's life.

In middle age Hardy was torn between his family roots in Dorset and the fashionable literary world of London where he had achieved success and admiration following the publication of *The Return of the Native* and *The Mayor of Casterbridge.*

Gittings reveals the allegiances that Hardy formed with the women of this world, the final rift between Hardy and his first wife, Emma, and his hopeful but finally unsuccessful marriage to Florence Dugdale. Dr. Gittings's two volumes on Hardy together give us the first full and convincing picture of this great English writer.

The Older Hardy £6.95 net
Young Thomas Hardy £5.95 net

Heinemann

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in others. J. M. Stanniforth's graphic response to the Boxer Rebellion and the Boer War, like the work of E. T. Read and Frank Holland during the first world war, is not far removed from Gillray in either style or spirit. And, apart from the frock coats and top hats, Will Dyson's classic depiction of the Versailles treaty-makers is strikingly reminiscent of the post-Hogarthians.

It requires keen eyesight, a corkscrew neck, and paleographical skills to decipher the dialogue in many of the 18th-century 'bubbled prints'. By the same token, it requires strenuous effort to read the labels affixed to characters in the more densely populated scenes of Gilmour, Low and Birdsall. Contemporaries doubtless found it easier to recognise these personalities and the myths that attached to them. Still, one suspects that the subtleties were intended to elude the general reader and to amuse a particular coterie. To the modern researcher, they offer a fascinating iconography. By nature, the political cartoon is disrespectful of persons, abusive in its wit, and not necessarily partisan. 'The striking thing about the satires of the revolutionary era', Wynn Jones remarks, 'is that the overwhelming majority of them are pro-American, to a degree which at first sight may seem disgracefully unpatriotic.' Walker derives a measure of comfort from 'the fact that a hearteningly high proportion of cartoonists whose politics are blatantly conservative show a healthy lack of respect for the politicians of all parties'. Times have changed, and artistic conventions with them. But, as Gerald Scarfe demonstrates here with 'deliberate coarseness', not all the vitriol has turned to vinegar.

The most obvious difference between these two collections is that Walker is dealing with *daily* sketches, or bi-monthly ones at the longest span. Those presented by Wynn Jones appeared at irregular intervals, and under less responsible auspices. Responding to day-to-day events, the modern cartoonist, like the modern leader-writer, has often been obliged to alter his perspectives. Thus, 'the Giant Lloyd-Georgibuster', menacingly depicted by Partridge during the Budget crisis of 1909, was celebrated by F. H. Townshend as the solo trumpeter of 1917 and as the grim custodian of the national soup-kitchen in 1920, only to decline into an unkempt salesman of 'trick cards' in Powell's cartoon during the 1935 election. Similarly, Asquith, a trim and dapper figure as Holland drew him in *John Bull* in January 1913, had lost his chin and gained in girth by the time Dyson portrayed him in the *Daily Herald* six months later; soon after the formation of the 1915 coalition, Read accordingly made Asquith a head shorter. Harold Wilson, among others, has suffered similar treatment: virtually unrecognisable, save for his pipe, in Vicky's 1964 version, he was festooned with baggy eyes which Cummings omitted, but which Emmwood restored to him.

Walker usually demonstrates an attention to visual detail (is it my imagination that the face which adorns Holland's 1913 flying machine is that of H. G. Wells?) and a thoughtful appreciation of the cartoonist's intention. He commits some careless mistakes, however: Sidney Webb's name is misspelt, and 'Joe' Chamberlain is assigned the nickname of another, more steadfast Liberal. Walker is a shade unfair when he derides 'the form of minute old-age pensions' introduced in 1908, and in his gratuitous reference to Gladstone's 'visits to prostitutes "in order to save them"'. More seriously, he wrongly asserts that the government 'did not even try to introduce conscription in Ireland' during the first world war, and his telescoped account of the collapse of the Lloyd George coalition and the arrival of Labour in office creates more confusion than it dispels.

Inevitably, one misses certain favourites: some of the earlier Strube cartoons of Lloyd George with Marconi shares protruding from his back pocket; Low's street scene with the unemployed queueing at a munitions factory and a mortuary next door; and Cummings's portrait of a bemused Macmillan (did anyone else capture him so superbly?) trying to make amends to Adenauer and De Gaulle in order to secure membership in the EEC. Beerbohm is inexplicably ignored, and, arguably, other choices might have shown Osbert Lancaster to better advantage. The inclusion of Richard Ingrams, although it makes a point, qualifies for Wynn Jones's classification of a 'notoriously sloppy' definition of cartooning. There are, to be sure, ample compensations: Gould's study of the Kaiser in August 1914, poised to steal the European tea-service and cowering at the shadow of an approaching bobby; Strube's 'John Citizen' ('Henry', actually), tending the prize marrow that grows to mammoth proportions atop the Anderson shelter, where his wife knits contentedly during the Blitz; and Gabriel's *Daily Worker* cartoon of Churchill, huffing and puffing in 1953, when he finds his cabinet subordinates trying on his clothes for size.

Walker's selection is sufficiently up-to-date to include Trog's delightful image of Jim Callaghan, holding a noticeably splintered cricket bat, with a pint-sized David Steel perched on his knee seemingly 'protecting the Prime Minister's most tender regions' (Walker does not shy from Freudian interpretations). Too late for Christmas gift-giving, this sparkling volume will surely survive the Lib-Lab pact in its utility and appeal and deserves to be remembered for the next holiday season. Michael Wynn Jones's book, in the lackadaisical fashion of the 18th century, appears even more tardily. Sure to have received a ready reception on both sides of the Atlantic during the Bicentennial celebrations, it is unlikely to be superseded before the Tricentennial rolls round.

Special in March

Opera

First performance at Covent Garden of

IDOMENEO

Profile: Carlo Bergonzi returning to Covent Garden for

IL TROVATORE

Editor Harold Rosenthal's visit to Italy for La Scala's 200th Anniversary and Verdi's Operas

On sale NOW through your newsagent 50p

The indispensable magazine for the Opera lover

Alan Ryan

Open Arms

The Guerrilla Reader edited by Walter Laqueur *Wildwood House* £5.95

The Guerrilla Reader is an engaging collection of snippets culled from the works of those who have had cause to reflect on 'small war' and small warriors. I do mean small warriors, for the very first extract collected by Walter Laqueur is a letter of 1732 addressed by the Comte de Saxe to the King of Saxony on the value of establishing an irregular light cavalry of 'a thousand of the shortest-sized men . . . whose weight does not exceed eight or nine stone'. The book is full of marvellously windy platitudes and enthusiasms. De Jeney's recipe for the perfect partisan combines them: the partisan needs 'an imagination fertile in schemes, ruses and resource . . . a shrewd intelligence to orchestrate every incident in an action . . . a fearless heart . . . a steady countenance . . . an alert, sturdy and tireless constitution'. Nor is that all: 'besides this, the partisan must know Latin, German and French, so that he makes his meaning clear when he may meet men of all nations.' Standards have evidently declined since 1759.

Varied attractions are offered to the guerrilla; although Mazzini tells his Italian followers to behave like gentlemen and minimise damage to property, another Italian nationalist, Carlo Bianco, treats the business at the level of grand opera. The guerrilla's life 'is all poetic ardour, continual emotions and transports of joy, fearful dangers, physical privations and moral satisfactions'. He and his comrades are 'strong as lions, swift as the mountain deer'. Later in the century, Johann Most celebrates the damage that dynamite can do when 'placed under the table of some gluttons having a banquet' and insists that in these technically sophisticated days, 'revolutionaries should always have on hand adequate quantities of nitroglycerin, dynamite, hand grenades and blasting charges – all easily concealed under clothing'.

The diversity of activities that writers have understood as guerrilla war and the diverse goals to which it has been directed are familiar enough. What is less familiar is the record of the very variable enthusiasm for it. The orthodox military view from the 1820s to the 1920s was that guerrilla warfare could not of itself achieve anything decisive – a view which Laqueur claims has been borne out even by the successful guerrillas of anti-colonial struggles. Indeed, not the least engaging portions of the book are provided by Laqueur himself, who combines impressive scholarly resources with a profoundly lugubrious manner and a hatred of the uninformed infantile Left entirely justified by its antics in the field of urban terrorism. Most people, he says, suppose that guerrilla warfare was invented by Mao Tse-Tung in one inspired stroke, and that this invention was among

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his major contributions to the great political discipline of Marxism-Leninism. Not that everyone is quite so naïve: some people think Lawrence invented the art of guerrilla warfare and taught it to the Arabs; and others guess that the Spanish must have had something to do with it, seeing that we talk of guerrilla warfare rather than *Kleinkrieg*.

In fact – and most of Laqueur's selections bear this out – the only ideological strand which it is at all plausible to see running through successful guerrilla wars is nationalism; partisan movements have been nationalist rather than socialist, and it is doubtful whether they have, as it were, averaged out on the Left rather than the Right. Moreover, the 19th-century scepticism about the effectiveness of guerrilla operations was generally right; the reason why guerrilla movements were not crushed by the colonial armies of the great powers after 1945 was that the great powers wanted to get out of their colonies, and could not rely on carrying domestic public opinion over the measures which would have been necessary to stamp out their opponents. Wars of national liberation form the most favourable combination of conditions, with a weakened enemy and a clear ideological rallying point for the partisan forces.

As a contribution to Marxism-Leninism, guerrilla warfare is neither here nor there, although partisans of the anarchist guerrilla leader Makhno will regret his absence from the evidence which Laqueur musters to show that the rulers of Soviet Russia were more often the target of guerrilla activities than the instigators of them. This is not surprising, since the guerrilla mentality in the 20th century has been rural and anti-urban – as in Lin Piao's vision of a world-wide guerrilla campaign against the imperialist powers of urban America and Europe – and therefore strikingly heterodox.

For guerrillas in the liberal democracies, whether they are the players in guerrilla street theatre or their more alarming allies in the Red Army Fraction, Laqueur has nothing but contempt. They are, he says, not even guerrillas – in which case, one rebelliously wonders, what on earth is the nihilist terrorist Most doing between these covers? – and all that they can achieve is to drive the population at large into the arms of any government willing to stamp out their activities.

Andrew Saint

Fair Play

Morality and Architecture by DAVID WATKIN
Oxford £2.95

The purpose of this little tract is so simple that it is surprising no one has attempted it before. David Watkin's mission is to refute a whole tradition of architectural theory which he traces from Pugin and Viollet-le-Duc to Giedion and Pevsner, and which in his view celebrates 'collectivism'. It is the

> tradition of ignoring the mysterious origins and the importance of 'style' and of explaining architecture away as a consequence or manifestation of something else. This 'something else' will be what happens to interest the particular critic most: religion, philosophy, rationalism, technology, German theories of space or of the spirit of the age.

From this chauvinist appeal to British common sense, the author develops an out-and-out assault on the moralistic ideologies that have fuelled the Modern Movement and its 19th-century precursors in England notably the Gothic Revival and the Arts and Crafts Movement.

Though Watkin's quarrel is not specifically with the Modern Movement, the book will inevitably and fairly be read as yet another attack on that tired old warhorse, since he tilts at greatest length against its proponents, and particularly its most enduring ideologue, Nikolaus Pevsner. In this respect, its timing is to a degree unfortunate. For much of his philosophy, Watkin relies on the political theories of Karl Popper and the vaguer art-historical views of Ernst Gombrich. Now these men, haunted by the close shadows of Nazism and Stalinism, were writing their best anti-Hegelian propaganda in the 1950s. In those days, comprehensive redevelopment had still to be put to the test and the worst of the tower blocks had yet to disgrace our cities' horizons; people were still willing to believe then that modern architecture was not a style but a morality, and the only possible architectural morality. We could have well done with a Watkin then. But nowadays, no words are too harsh for the Modern Movement. Its practitioners and prophets are disillusioned: 'I have emphatically lost faith in what is happening now,' Pevsner has recently said. In these circumstances yet another blow, for all the restraint which Watkin labours to maintain throughout his polemic, looks suspiciously like kicking the 'movement' when it is down. This is not a plaintive cry for fair play, but a warning of the dangers of brutalisation. Remove those few idealists left among the ranks of architects, and you will get a meaner and nastier architecture, not a better one.

The nub of Watkin's arguments concern three distinguishable supports which he suggests critics have misused in order to buttress their stylistic preferences. These are, respectively, the sanctions of religion and patriotism for a particular architectural mode; invocation of the *Zeitgeist* in order to dignify as inevitable and right styles which might never have been invented but for individuals; and the celebration and expression of technological progress as an end in itself for architecture.

Curiously, Watkin is at his weakest when he assails the first and most dated of these devices. Perhaps the book's dedication (to God) helps to explain why. He does not object, as many might, that moral absolutism is wrong in every sphere, but merely *in architecture*; that Pugin, for instance, by claiming that only Gothic architecture is truly Christian and truly English, 'sought to extend [the Church's] teaching *magisterium* to areas outside divine revelation'. For Watkin, in fact, the tradition of architecture is a separate domain from those of religion or ethics, built up by individuals over centuries and precluding criticism, social or divine. But that architecture, which of all the arts so presses itself upon people's daily lives, could be thus stripped of its social attributes is absurd. It is the practical and social nature of the discipline that accounts for the long critical domination of the Hegelian and 'Whig' progressivists against whom Watkin inveighs. He never quite suggests a purely aesthetic programme, but it is implicit in his arguments, as when he complains of those who draw attention away from the appearance of buildings in favour of their functional and technical aspects. A skulking absolutism of his own can also be detected in some of his propositions, as when he condemns moral 'relativism' among critics like Giedion, who identify the needs and nature of each age separately and limit their approval to the architecture which accords with that identification.

There is no denying that these identifications have often been wildly at fault and bigoted. Watkin has a high old time with

NOVELLAS BY BECKETT & MOOR

Fox Gold (£4.95) contains three novellas by an exciting new author whose comic novella *The Heat of the Sun* raised the temperature in **New Writing & Writers 13**. Concerning the fate of English Language teachers in the mythical country of 'Soddy Arabia', *The TLS* described it as 'hilarious, horrific . . . and highly readable'. In *Fox Gold*, Young Sam (a tight-fisted Septuagenarian Yorkshireman) lets a cottage to the red-haired Peggy Fox on the very morning he has a foreboding vision of a great, wolf-like fox . . . the outcome is a strange and highly amusing tale. With *Nightingale Island* and *Bowl of Roses* he is back in the world of teachers in foreign parts caught up in a whirl of whisky smuggling and geisha girls, love and Islamic Marxism, where everything is stranger and funnier than seems possible. Newly available in paperback is Samuel Beckett's **Four Novellas** (£1.75), which includes *First Love, The Expelled, The Calmative* and *The End* and **A Marguerite Duras Trilogy** (£2.50) containing three of the author's best novels, *The Square, 10.30 on a Summer Night* and *The Afternoon of M. Andesmas.*

NEW STYLE PLAYSCRIPTS

The first four plays (£1.50 each) to be presented in the new format are Stan Barstow's highly successful adaptation of Ibsen's **An Enemy of the People**; Howard Barker's **Fair Slaughter**, that Michael Billington described as being 'the work of an important young dramatist, that deserves to be seen, discussed and argued about far into the night'; **Leonardo was Right**, a brilliant farce by the French cartoonist Roland Topor, about a police chief and his friends suffering more than constipation under the strain of a blocked lavatory; and Alan Brown's **Skoolplay**, which Lindsay Anderson has described as 'a poet's vision of our country in its nauseous decay'. Also by Alan Brown and newly available in paperback is his stage play **Wheelchair Willie** (£2.95) together with the film scripts of *Brown Ale with Gertie* and *O'Connor.*

NEW WRITING & WRITERS 14

NWW 14 (£4.95 & £2.50) presents the first half of P. J. Kavanagh's new novel *People and Weather* (highly praised by Robert Nye in *The Guardian* — as was the whole volume) together with work by eleven new and established authors including Edward Bond, Sadegh Hedayat, Dino Buzzati, Peter French, René de Obaldia and the West German poet Peter-Paul Zahl. *People and Weather* will be completed in NWW 15, to be published in April.

JOHN CALDER (Publishers) LTD.
18 Brewer Street, London W1R 4AS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

some of the more ludicrous pronouncements made in the 1930s by *Zeitgeist* enthusiasts, who in justification of their extravagant claims for the Modern Movement perpetrated extraordinarily wrong-headed theories about the architectural past. It must be remembered that in those heady days architectural history hardly existed; since then, the more intelligent survivors have repented. Watkin is therefore right to reserve his particular scorn for modern books like Furneaux Jordan's *Victorian Architecture* (1966), whose author seems to have discarded no prejudice in the light of fact. But even Pevsner, whose loyalty to the ideals of Gropius remains unsullied, has sung a partial palinode. It is harsh to judge him, as this book mostly does, on his zestful propaganda of the 1930s and its occasional resurgence in his more recent work.

Perhaps the most erroneous aspect of Watkin's thesis is his equation of Modern Movement ideology with 'collectivism', and hence with marxism and socialism. To his mind, architecture achieves its real progress through the contributions of talented individuals working for each other – a more Whiggish view than he would perhaps like to admit. True, many of the early ideologues of modernism were naive socialists in their lip-service. But the simple fact that the Nazis chose classicism for their official buildings argues against any direct connection between the Modern Movement and 'collectivist' architecture. Watkin himself reminds us that the Bauhaus was in truth not the socialist college that Gropius made it out to be but 'simply an Expressionist art-school'. The career of Mies van der Rohe, always a trimmer, who sacrificed the Bauhaus to Hitler and then left Germany to become the darling of capitalist architecture in America, is an interesting instance of the fact that many of the pioneers of modernism, just like other architects, would serve any master, single or collective, to get their designs built.

Indeed, Watkin's championing of individualism obscures two significant points. One is that economic developments have done more to dethrone the individual client from his Georgian pre-eminence than any amount of ideology. Nor has this change been detrimental to architectural quality. Despite failures, the architects working for our 'collective' county councils have surely done as much over the last 50 years to produce worthy architecture in the shape of schools and housing as designers working for private individuals. The second point is that where Pevsner and others could fairly be faulted (though Watkin fails to do so) is for suggesting that the early-socialist ideas of Ruskin, Morris and Lethaby on environmental matters were inherited exclusively by the Modern Movement. British writers and architects, it is well recognised, made a special contribution to socialist theory in this sphere. But to present that contribution merely as fuel for a particular stylistic ideology rather than as the source of much that has been sensitive and undogmatic in the crafts and in housing is a travesty of the truth which Watkin, with his antipathy to socialism, has done little to correct. There is much merited and telling censure in his book; not a few individuals still living will do well to smart as they read it. But its glib acceptance could be almost as dangerous to architecture as the acclaim so recently accorded to the ideas that it attacks.

Jeremy Treglown

With Nobs On

The Assumption of the Rogues and Rascals by ELIZABETH SMART *Cape* £3.50
The Thin Mountain Air by PAUL HORGAN *Bodley Head* £4.95
Ackroyd by JULES FEIFFER *Hutchinson* £4.50

This week's Corny Rhetoric And Pretentiousness awards have been decided as follows:

Most Rhetorical Question: Elizabeth Smart, for 'Thence cometh the catatonic?' jointly with 'Is it reprehensible alchemy to pleasure yourself with inevitable cataclysm?' Least Vivid Simile: Elizabeth Smart, for 'Night has fallen, comfortably patterned like pain'. Softest Cliché: Elizabeth Smart, for 'the terrible nature of the naked truth, Least Pithy Epigram: Elizabeth Smart, for 'the price of careless rapture is a twisted history chronicled by envy'.

In future, the CRAP awards will include a new category, Most Obscure Title. Meanwhile, Ms Smart also walked off with the vocabulary competition prize. Challenged to produce the shortest sentence including the words *ready, forgive, even, mistletoe, miseries, bright-eyed, underground* and *activities*, she came up with this winning formulation: 'Be ready to forgive, even if her mistletoe miseries are bright-eyed with underground activities.'

In their citation, the judges said they yielded to anyone in their admiration for this author and regretted that they were not allowed to make a retrospective award for over-ratedness to her earlier *By Grand Central Station I Sat Down and Wept*. In *The Assumption of the Rogues and Rascals* they detected an (if anything) increased self-indulgence, noting the failure to realise any characters other than the narrator, and a proneness to embarrassing gestures of love towards unimportant objects (particularly a squashed matchbox and some garden worms) – gestures which, it was felt, devalued the similar affection the narrator claims for the human rogues and rascals of her title. They were not convinced that her book justified the importance attached in it to drink and Celtic romanticism as alternatives to sober Anglo-Saxon reason, and felt that indeed an argument could be made for saying that the narrator herself embodies the worst consequences of her enthusiasms. In conclusion, recalling 'Niagra', 'annointed' and 'lanscape' in the recent reprint of *By Grand Central Station*, they observed that Ms Smart's spelling and/or proof-reading showed little improvement, citing *'Quia amore langeo'* as a memorable example of pretentious misquotation.

Although the panel's deliberations are secret, it may well be that Paul Horgan ran Elizabeth Smart a close race in the Softest Cliché stakes. (He has his Pulitzer Prize to console him.) *The Thin Mountain Air* is the kind of book in which men's loins stir in the searing heat, women have voices like flutes, and when a clinch occurs the woman's red silk dress gets torn at the shoulder. It also has too many Spanish counts and English nobs for comfort – the latter rather uncertainly individualised by a mixture of stock phrases like 'I say' and, less convincingly, 'Come, darling', with Americanisms like 'back home'. The novel is set between the wars, and Horgan may be right that there was more courtesy, dignity, nobility, etc., around then, but a young English earl would hardly have called an ordinary American ten years his junior 'Sir'.

For all this boringness, Horgan does manage a certain amount of emotional truth in his central character. Richard is the son of a newly-elected Lieutenant-Governor of New York State whose full gubernatorial ambitions are thwarted by tuberculosis, and the relationship between the two men contains some successful details – particularly Richard's complicated feelings about giving his father his painful daily injection. Potentially tubercular himself, Richard is sent to be toughened up on a sheep ranch where his narrow moral certitudes are unsettled by various happenings. The best things in all this are the sheep, with their 'Assyrian noses' and vomit-like cough. Otherwise the story is rather loosely filled – a consequence, perhaps, of saga fade.

Jules Feiffer, sad to relate, also spreads himself thinly in his latest story. He is, of course, a cartoonist, and as a writer seems most comfortable with self-contained sketches like the hilarious wedding scene in *Little Murders*. But although *Ackroyd* would have been funnier in 200 pages than in its present 350, it has its moments. The main idea is that Oscar Plante, a famous writer, employs a private detective (Ackroyd) on various missions: to retrieve a stolen notebook, to listen in on conversations at his parties to find out what people are saying about him, to obtain classified material he can use in magazine articles, and so on. Ackroyd's job is made difficult by his personal feelings, particularly his compulsion to cuckold all his employers, suspects and informants. And the complexities of his relationship with Plante increase as it becomes clearer that in keeping his diary and inventing stories Ackroyd is more of a writer than his blocked client.

Feiffer makes a lot of the opportunities he has set up, and the juxtaposition of literary behaviour with thriller conventions produces some good jokes – for example Plante's terror ('grim, frozen, bone-white complexion') at the revelation that his old school enemy Kaufman is writing a book. The elementariness of human rivalry – the fact that Plante's need for success goes back to his jealousy of Kaufman at school – makes for a trite ending, though there is some structural interest as the chronological progress of Ackroyd's diary, and the career-successes it charts, are balanced by the reverse time-scheme of his search into Plante's more and more unimpressive youth and childhood. But the temperature is mostly disappointingly low.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

John Coleman

The Couple Solution

The Man Who Loved Women (X) *Gala Royal*
Swept Away (X) *Prince Charles*
Assault on Precinct 13 (X) *Screen on the Green; Odeon, Kensington*

The starry-eyed Truffaut-hunter, we are assured, is in for a great game of Spot the Lady with *The Man Who Loved Women*. Even the hero's surname, Morane, has cropped up before, given to one of the men murdered by an avenging Jeanne Moreau in *The Bride Wore Black*. But this is no Frenchified version of Bergman's comedy *Now About All These Women*: for one thing, the Truffaut is authentically funny in places and contrives a spectral kind of geniality throughout. Bertrand Morane (Charles Denner, following his beaky nose with delicate bemusement) is a confirmed bachelor of 40, a successful engineer living in Montpellier. He is first encountered at his funeral, except for the pall-bearers an all-female occasion. Even the initial voice-over is a woman's, later discovered to belong to his publisher's girl Friday, Geneviève (Brigitte Fossey). For Bertrand decides to write an account of his amorous life, to which his professional one plays a discreet second fiddle, and much of the film springs in flashback from this. He wishes to call it *Le Cavaleur – The Wolf* – but is dissuaded by delicious Geneviève in favour of *L'homme qui aimait les femmes*. Why the past tense? he queries. Sounds better, she says, not knowing she is to prove his last affair. This is a small irony and in key with a pretty leisurely occasion or, rather, one that has a deceptive air of spreading itself thin. In retrospect, it is astonishing how much detail, how many kinds of man-woman relationship have been touched in before we are back at the cemetery and stockinged legs scissor past copies of the corpse's book. 'The couple solution does not work and there are no other solutions': these words of Truffaut's, recalled from elsewhere, absolutely apply this time; and, once again, death comes to the director's aid.

Yet, once again, the declared pessimism is diffused. Our Bertrand, helplessly prey to most things in skirts (slacks turn him off), has been formed by the unloving mother, equally avid for men, first encountered in *Les Quatre Cent Coups*: little black-and-white scenes bring her back to life, as well as young Bertrand's initiation in a brothel. The grown man confesses to a would-be 'baby-sitter' who has just discovered a dell where baby should be, 'C'est moi, l'enfant.' She leaves in a huff and the self-styled wolf has similar failures, with a telephone operator nearly seduced by voice alone, with a splendid older woman (Geneviève Fontanel), who admits to a penchant for young men only. He is capable of commonsense stoicism, even realism, often relieved when a girl turns out to be plain from the front since it is impossible to have them all. 'Women practise hibernation,' he muses and divides them into 'fillies and kittens'. There is no pattern to his philandering, only its unremitting persistence, as when he deliberately crashes his car to get information from his insurance company, ending up on a wild-goose chase to Béziers. With a shrug, hardly sensed, he switches to a brief encounter with a rent-a-car girl thrown up during his inquiries. Her bedroom has a relief map of an island populated solely by 100 women: he makes her a pair of mock-specs from wire before leaving, saying their shape would suit her better, as it does. This almost feminine concern is echoed with a sobbing nine-year-old girl in a red dress: she agrees there is a bit of pleasure in her huge tears and cheers up. Bertrand is as much rueful victim as chauvinist pig and, though watching a couple of newly-weds and thinking disaster ahead, in the next shot advises a married colleague to delay divorce. He is doomed to the outsider's role. The closest he comes to commitment is with the wayward and fiery Delphine (magnificent Nelly Borgeaud), a whimsical creature stifled by wedlock and titillated by making love on store beds, in a couturier's cubicle, in the underground parking of her apartment block, till she wings her husband and goes to jail.

Some dozen affairs are explored or hinted at (including a conquest who donned a dress with 137 buttons to protract matters: it took him 13 minutes to unpack her), of which the aftermath of one, with beautiful Véra (Leslie Caron) five years before, comes late and powerfully. They have a long dialogue in a cloakroom about past pains, wincingly delivered as a sort of interpolated duet for old hands. The world is running down for Bertrand. Xmas, and all his phone numbers are out of town; he pursues a blonde and is knocked down by a car; in hospital, he grabs at a nurse, falls from bed, and curtains. Not, however, before he has babbled of that never-never island for women only.

This is probably as inconclusive a film as Truffaut has made and possibly one of his most personal creations. Certainly it would be difficult to think of another writer-director (Michel Fermaud and his regular collaborator Susanne Schiffman also worked on the script) capable of cobbling such an episodic tale of gallantries together without making the man a stud or a boor or both. Bertrand is no boaster, simply assiduous and practised. That famous charm for which Truffaut is so frequently belaboured, as if it automatically precluded seriousness of purpose, stems partly here from Denner's own skilled playing of the compulsive chaser. There are also such pleasures of recognition as the alarm-call operator's confession, over the phone, that she had been to Bertrand's door at midnight and scratched gently: the bell would have been too brutal, too vulgar.

Lina Wertmüller, whose *Seven Beauties* left me very cold indeed, while looking a long way back in admiration to her very first feature, *The Lizards*, is in marginally redeemed form with *Swept Away*. Translated, the Italian title goes on '. . . by an Unusual Destiny in the Blue Sea of August' – and the best way to read the film is as an erotic desert island fantasy, in capitals. After one of those screeching Italian starts that threaten to blast the meek Britisher from the auditorium, with intolerable, rich Raffaella (Mariangela Melato) volubly attacking everyone in sight, including the help, on her husband's yacht, the lady finds herself at sea in a dinghy with her chief target, Gennarino (Giancarlo Giannini), a hairy Sicilian serf with communist leanings. After a couple of days adrift, they reach a rocky island and the balance of power inevitably shifts towards her 'grubby Southerner'. The language is high and salty on both sides, though some of the nicest oaths are of the order 'Ugly Abyssinian!' and 'Social Democrat bitch!' Giannini has a field-day, dealing out remorseless slaps and withholding his sexual favours till Miss Melato, who manages this very nicely, begs for them. There is an undertow of vivid political flyting and, back on land again after their odd idyll, she sadly reverts to her old status, so making another point. The essential interest stays island-bound, in the Robinson Crusoe fish-spearing, make-

Kingsley Amis

Two Poems

The Shrimp in the Rubbish Bin

I lived in my own world of sea
  Till someone came and caught me,
Boiled me and sent me to a shop
  Where someone came and bought me.
I ask you, human beings all,
  Was that the way to treat me,
To do to me what you have done
  And then not even eat me?

Advice to a Story-Teller

after Martial

That time you heard the archbishop fart
  You did quite right to say;
And should the ploughboy turn up gold
  The news would make our day;
But when the ploughboy farts henceforth
  Forget about it, eh?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shift sewing and the like, and in the perversities of erotic play after humiliation.

John Carpenter's second film, *Assault on Precinct 13* (*Dark Star* was his first), is a melodrama with conscious bows to Howard Hawks and a handful of well-dealt shocks. A grisly, proliferating, multi-racial gang of nihilistic thugs lays siege to a largely abandoned police station in L.A. Darwin Joston is mean and chivalrous as a marooned convict bound for Death Row but fighting with the goodies, Laurie Zimmer ultra Hawksian as his fearless lady.

Art

John Spurling

Raw Material

Rowlandson Drawings from the Paul Mellon Collection *Royal Academy*

No one has yet discovered much about the details of Rowlandson's life, perhaps because there seems so little mystery about him. The catalogue to the exhibition of 120 drawings at the Royal Academy prints for the first time a letter from Rowlandson to his friend Henry Angelo in which he speaks of 'forming a Jovial Trio' with their mutual comrade John Bannister, 'if we three jolly Dogs be – that we may still live and enjoy each other's society'. 'Rolly' was 58 when he wrote this letter, the others 55. Angelo ran a fashionable and lucrative fencing academy in Old Bond Street and Bannister was a successful actor, the creator of Whiskerandos in *The Critic*, and was later celebrated for his Sir Anthony Absolute and Tony Lumpkin. Rowlandson himself, described by the DNB as 'large and muscular, resolute in appearance, and having regular and distinctly handsome features', was a compulsive gambler but an indefatigable worker and scrupulous payer of his debts, a man-about-town with a passion for travelling both at home and abroad, who found more to ridicule in the town than the country.

His drawings shocked the Victorians, presumably because if a man is offered the opportunity of looking up a girl's skirts, as when receiving her on the end of a sheet from the window of her boarding-school or being seated directly below the stage where she is energetically cavorting, he takes it eagerly. Rowlandson was certainly one of those 18th-century gentlemen whom Wilberforce, observing that it was their fashion to appear more wicked than they were, set out to change into 19th-century gentlemen with the opposite tendency. To us the mockery seems merely cheerful, a view of the period as we expect to see it, bosoms and paunches hanging out, eyes roving, quizzing-glasses busy, nutcracker-jaws salivating.

The fact is that we have actually seen it like this, in the theatre, in modern productions of Goldsmith and Sheridan. These drawings are twice removed from reality. We are not looking at an artist's shaping of the raw material of life so much as at an artist's version of an existing view of life. The places depicted – the parks or chophouses or streets – are stage-sets, with backdrop and wings. The figures are members of the cast, with straight parts for bland youths and pretty maidens and character parts for roués and old trouts. Even in what is specifically a double-portrait, the Duchess of Devonshire and her sister Lady Duncannon have no individual characteristics beyond their beauty and elegance; they are simply portrayed as heroines. Georgian London as Rowlandson sees it is a long-running comedy at the Haymarket. For this reason one of the oddest pictures in the show, to our eyes, must be *Dr Graham's Earth Bathing Establishment*, in which Beckett's *Happy Days* seems momentarily to have got crossed with *The School for Scandal*. Here, divided by a rough curtain, are two groups of naked male and female grotesques (Winnies in the right and Willies on the left), buried up to their pendulous breasts and scrawny necks in earth. But it is a picture of gullibility and sharp practice (on the part of Dr Graham, seen in the foreground attending a particularly gross patient) rather than despair, and it induces ribald laughter, not pity.

Rowlandson's drawings seldom repay long study. Having read them for their details and got, as it were, the plot, one is soon bored by the simple characterisation and extrovert technique. Occasionally, though, reality breaks in and the intrinsic irony of the subject – *A Worn-out Debauché*, for example, in which the 70-year-old Duke of Queensberry is seen 'ogling and hobbling down St James's street' beside a flushed and buxom pick-up – finds its perfect expression in Rowlandson's delicate colouring and rollicking, rococo line. Some of his best pictures are landscapes. The extra element of romance he found in the country remains essentially domesticated, whether it is the yellow light escaping from an 18th-century transport café or the strangely cosy hills of North Wales, but induces in him from time to time a sort of spacious sobriety. In front of the *Burial at Carisbrooke*, observed no doubt in the company of his friend Henry Wigstead, or *Bodmin Moor*, you feel that the jolly Dog stopped to think for a moment, even to sigh. But swift, uncomplicated, physical enjoyment was his philosophy, either suggested by its absence from those whose crabbed nature is reflected in their crabbed physique or embodied vigorously and directly in such a scene of rustic coupling as *The Picnic*, where even the trees lurch and shimmy to see such fun.

This English

'Nigger's out' runs an eloquent graffito. 'When will he be back?' one wonders. For the unlettered, the apostrophe is always nipping in where it isn't wanted, and is never there when it is. We offer you two examples of this (will someone send me an its/it's soon, please?), and a startling headline in *The Times*. £3 token for the first entry, £2 for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ I relished the anticipation of clever people, cleverly swapping anecdotes, cleverly punning, cleverly imitating others, indiscreetly prognosticating who'd get who's job. **Russell Harty**, *Observer* (J.R.G.)

☐ Do you really need a new car with 50,000 miles in it before anything goes wrong if your 65 and average 5,000 miles a year? **Charles Cook**, *Guardian* (A. E. Marsden)

☐ Parents 'should have no say in school curricular'. *The Times* (G. S. Breck)

Mervyn Jones

Paul Scott, 1920-1978

Paul Scott, who died last week after producing 13 novels – of which 11 were set in India or Malaya – once said that he used the Asian scene 'as a metaphor for the world'. This, I think, is how his work should be understood, and in particular the 'Raj quartet', his four-volume sequence with a total of nearly 2,000 pages. It was hailed by reviewers as the definitive evocation of India in the closing period of British rule. That it was, but it was also more; and the 'more' is the measure of Scott's achievement.

When I first went to India (in the army, like Paul Scott) what astonished me was the shallowness of the British presence. There were no pseudo-English cities comparable to the pseudo-French cities like Algiers and Saigon. The cantonments and 'civil lines', in which British families had lived for about 150 years, looked as impermanent as army camps. If one wandered about in a small town, let alone a village, one entered a world on which the Raj had made no perceptible impact. If one made Indian friends and took them as guides, one could learn more about Indian customs and attitudes in a few months than the sahibs who formed the ruling elite had ever managed to know. It was clear that an independent India would simply resume a history shaped by the assets and handicaps of a wholly Indian social structure, and of course this is what has happened. Central to Scott's description is the pin-pointing of the illusion (or bluntly the lie, as his most clear-sighted character, Sarah Layton, calls it) that India had ever really needed the British.

The Anglo-Indians (I use the word not to mean Eurasians, as it does nowadays, but British families for whom service in India had been a tradition) thus constituted an odd case of social pathology. They were British, sent their children 'home' for schooling, and generally went 'home' on retirement; they reproduced to the point of caricature English formalities and snobberies; and yet they had, increasingly since 1918, been left high and dry by changes in an England which they no longer understood any more than they genuinely understood India. To a varying degree of consciousness, they grasped that they belonged nowhere. In extreme cases – like Sarah

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Layton's psychotic sister, Susan – they had an acute sense of *being nobody*. On the immediate level, this is Scott's subject. But he might have been writing about any community which, while in theory dominant, is confronted by another distinct community with infinite powers of resistance, and which ultimately has no future. The mood of the 'Raj quartet' recalls the mood of the literature of the American South – Faulkner's best novels, Tennessee Williams's best play – or, similarly, the mood of Nadine Gordimer's South Africa. More broadly still, the implications concern any society anywhere sundered by class fissures, which are only made more obvious and sharper by fissures of race and colour. One sees, therefore, what is meant by a 'metaphor for the world'.

For the novelist, the social scene has to be interpreted in terms of individual character, as it was in *A la Recherche du temps perdu*. One is struck, indeed, by the resemblance between Scott's literary method and that of Proust: most directly by the use made of recurrent symbols, visual images, and characters who act, so to speak, as mirrors in the author's hand. Count Bronowsky, the elegant and discreet homosexual minister, must be the most Proustian character whom Proust didn't create. In Scott, as in Proust, the reader must become absorbed for long periods in characters who have a fascination of their own but who are ultimately figures in an immense stained-glass window, letting in a variously coloured light. The artistic test is the harmony and completeness of the design – a test which, in my view, Scott triumphantly passes.

Certainly, the workmanship is not faultless. Scott was no great stylist (indeed, he perpetrated some distinctly 'This English' sentences) and style does help to carry one through the *longueurs* in a sequence of this magnitude. His straightforward narrative of political events is flat and evidently done as a chore; he wouldn't have made a good journalist. He felt obliged, perhaps because the component novels might be read independently, to recapitulate preceding events, sometimes at tedious length – in *The Towers of Silence*, the weakest of the quartet, we reach page 300 before the story moves on again. But if these are large defects, the fact that they come nowhere near being fatal demonstrates the strength of the underlying conception.

In the end, the 'Raj quartet' is a moral drama. The theme is set out in the first novel, *The Jewel in the Crown*, when Daphne Manners is raped by hoodlums and Police Superintendent Merrick fakes evidence to pin the guilt on Hari Kumar, the Indian with whom Daphne had unforgivably fallen in love. Merrick's lie, like the diseased cell at the genesis of a cancer, becomes representative of the inner weakness of British authority. Merrick himself, who appears at first to be a fairly uninteresting nasty cop, gradually acquires the proportions of a demon. Only Sergeant Perron – the Englishman who has no inherited links with India and is sent there by the chances of war, like Scott – can make a clear diagnosis of Merrick; for the Anglo-Indians, Merrick is appallingly but perceptibly an extension of themselves. Merrick's death, coming near the end of the last novel, *A Division of the Spoils*, is necessary to liberate them and may perhaps liberate Sarah, but this is left uncertain and one feels that the poison may be ineradicable. It is a solemn and terrifying story. Few writers in our time have handled a theme of such significance; few indeed have developed it with such compelling power.

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Pincer Darkness

Whose Life Is It Anyway? *Mermaid*
Kings and Clowns *Phoenix*
Outside the Whale *Bush*

Anyone who has sat to attention beneath chiselled sheets and watched the consultant glide by on his way to Olympus, there to imbibe the smell of the blood-sacrifices, will share what is, I feel, the indignation that inspired Brian Clark's pugnaciously-titled *Whose Life Is It Anyway?* The medical profession is the most maddening of all, because it exercises appalling power and loftily insists that its every act is for your good, whether you want it, like it, or believe in it. But what makes Mr Clark's play so impressive is that his indignation is measured, judicious and, in the end, persuasive. Why (he asks) shouldn't a man reduced by accident to a physical cabbage choose to reject artificial aids and drift towards death in his own way? It is, after all, his body and his life. To a doctor though, someone who voices such an idea, and especially someone who hires a lawyer to help him perform it, is ipso facto dangerously depressed and must promptly be declared insane. It is, after all, his job to perpetuate existence, not to connive in what he passionately believes to be suicide. And so we come to the play's all-electric climax, an action for habeas corpus, heard by a judge in the stricken man's room; and you can discover for yourself the conclusion, because I'm not telling.

It's an engrossing evening, which left me with two main doubts. One is that it may be a little self-indulgent of Mr Clark to make his protagonist a sculptor, and therefore uniquely reliant on active hands for fulfilment. Another is that he shows us neither friends nor family, thus evading a key problem: suicide is extremely difficult and painful for those left behind and therefor a curiously callous act. But in other respects he's careful not to tilt the evidence too far in his paraplegic's favour, and is at particular pains to emphasise the good intentions, compassion, and sometimes even the imagination of what others might brusquely have dismissed as a fell conspiracy of registrars, ward sisters, shrinks and hospital porters. This is not a prime sermon for patients' lib, still less someone's paranoid

THE INSTITUTE FOR CULTURAL RESEARCH
in collaboration with
THE INSTITUTE FOR THE STUDY OF HUMAN KNOWLEDGE, U.S.A.
presents two week-end seminars

The Nature of Religious Man

April 8 - 9
"The Realm of Tradition"

April 22 - 23
"The Realm of Experience"

Location
THE MOUNT ROYAL HOTEL
London, W.1.

Speakers Include

Dom Sylvester Houedard — **Catholic Mysticism**
Professor Shivesh Thakur — **Hinduism**
Miss Carmen Blacker — **Zen**
Rabbi Dow Marmur — **Judaism**
Riadh El-Droubie — **Islam**
Angela Tilby — **Mysticism**
Dr. Vamberto Morais — **Yoga**
Father John Harriott — **Roman Catholicism**
Dr. Anthony Dyson — **The Protestant Tradition**

Programme Chairmen: Professor D.B. Fry, Colin Wilson

Fees:
Both Week-ends:
£35 General
£20 Full-Time Student
(copy of student card required)
Single Week-end:
£20 General
£10 Full-Time Student

For further information and a comprehensive programme contact:
The Institute for Cultural Research
Conference Director
Dept. W.S.12
P.O. Box 13
Tunbridge Wells, Kent
Tel: 089-286-2045

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rave or hypochondriac moan, but a skilled and balanced debate about the individual's right to die; and it is performed with documentary precision by Jane Asher, Richard Leech, Jennie Goossens and, as the thinking vegetable himself, Tom Conti. It is quite a challenge to play a long and taxing part with the head only; but, fortunately, Mr Conti's eyebrows, lips and teeth are unusually articulate, his neck capable of eloquently twisting, his voice of suddenly, distressingly breaking. Here is a supremely civilised man in the modern torture chamber, caught in the pincers of the machine that kills with kindness: funny, moving and (I suspect) hard to forget.

What was Henry VIII? Was he a 'king-sized clown' or a 'clown-sized king', two of the somewhat puzzling alternatives postulated by the soi-disant musical lately crash-landed at the Phoenix? Was he an eager-beaver dad, touchingly anxious for a son of his own, or a bumbling, rather pitiful romantic, condemned to disappointment in his hunt for the Perfect Woman? Frank Finlay, for one, doesn't seem too sure, and is content to play him as a breezy, genial old stick with a singing voice that, in a more consistent world, would come attached to the top of a do-it-yourself-drill. Leslie Bricusse, according to the programme the one and only begetter of the evening, isn't very sure either. His biographical theory would appear to be that Henry was whatever might conceivably pass muster with a not-too-demanding theatre-going public in this year of grace, 1978. The point and meaning of the mighty monarch's life, in brief, was to be the subject of a British musical.

It is a desperate conclusion, and leads to a concentration of the comical and the fake-passionate, the whimsical and the earnest, that occasionally curdles into a lumpy mix but never actually homogenises. On the one hand, we have the doomed Finlay coyly informing one wife that 'we were young together, we were springtime', asking another 'is there no faith left, no true love anywhere?', and promising to make love to Anne Boleyn 'until the stars fall out of your ears', a piece of astronomic engineering that, sad to say, he proves powerless to fulfil. On the other, there's Thomas Cromwell blowing a party squeaker, the Duke of Norfolk in Victorian garb blustering about 'knocking the Scots for six', Katherine in bedroom curlers, Anne reduced to a night-club vamp in black garters, and a recurring patter-song that rhymes Tudor with lewder, shrewder, cruder, wooed her, pursued her, indeed everything except the Lion of Judah. And if the proceedings still insist on languishing, as they ungratefully do, on comes Anna Quayle's lanky and gormless Anne of Cleves with her hilarious Rhineland accent, her humorous folk-wisdom ('if you look too long at the schnitel, you will fall asleep in the strudel'), and her quaint habit of jumping into bed wearing yellow woollen plaits and clutching what seems to be a stuffed dodo. Alack, alas, and what next? Richard III executing a cute turkey-trot with the two little princes? Old King Lear, who's a bit of a bear, but really a dear? With the British musical anything is possible.

Outside the Whale is by Robert Holman, the young dramatist who recently brought *German Skerries* to the Bush, and it, too, is a watchful, gentle and remarkably self-effacing concoction. The subject this time is George Orwell, seen trudging through England with an aging tramp and, a bit later, picking up copies of his low-life memoirs from the Gollancz warehouse, itself in the charge of a young clerk who is forced to steal books to feed his ailing, half-crazed wife. At least I *think* the point being discreetly foisted on us is that he was just another slumming nob, in no way personally hit by the evils he found it satisfying to expose. It ill befits me to carp at Mr Holman's understatement, because I've more than once committed myself to the view that the theatre, and especially the fringe theatre, is buckling beneath a deluge of attitudinising rhetoric. But he could afford to be a little more clear-cut and emphatic without compromising his essential tact and forbearance. If we are to grapple with an idea, and especially with one as contentious as this appears to be, we must, after all, be sure that the idea exists in the first place.

Television

Russell Davies

Fax and Figures

Information about America keeps coming out of the box in unstoppable shock-waves. Fiction is outdone every time by lurid fact. Is this the fault of documentarists? Are they would-be fictioneers at heart, looking for confirmation of their myth-fed fantasies and unconsciously aping a sort of *film noir* style? Two interesting cases came up last Monday night. *Panorama* (BBC-1) was billed as asking the question 'Who Really Killed Kennedy?', though the title on Michael Cockerell's film itself, *The Kennedy Cover-Up*, was the more appropriate. The mechanics of the deed, and the traditional presumptions about it were not examined – I don't recall the Texas Book Depository being mentioned at all – but a nasty little slice of smudgy home movie recorded more closely than one remembers seeing it the impact of the shots on Kennedy's cranium.

From this point on, hypotheses came thick, fast and disorganised. There were too many files in the web of intrigue. All the same, there were several genuinely fascinating focuses of interest, chiefly in old snippets of local TV films. Lee Harvey Oswald was shown in New Orleans distributing 'Hands Off Cuba' leaflets that turned out to be stamped with the address of a right-wing organisation very much dedicated to laying hands *on* Castro's island. A TV interviewer asked Oswald if he was a marxist, and he extremely readily replied that he was, going on to explain (in a way which gave an impression of a far more organised personality than has been commonly ascribed to Oswald) the difference between marxism and communism. More gripping still was the small barrage of hints put up by Jack Ruby, glimpsed on another rare film after his arrest for the shooting of Oswald. The world will never know the true fax, confided Ruby; the people above him were too powerful. Cockerell seems to have had no difficulty in discovering that these people were Mafiosi – Ruby himself had been a runner for Al Capone in his Jack Rubinstein days. So here was a man dying to speak, but knowing that what life was left to him, a matter of months, was liable to be speedily terminated if he did.

But it was plain, even from what little Ruby did allow to pass his lips, that it had been somebody's powers of persuasion that had moved him to prevent Oswald coming to trial, and not his own sentimental consideration for Jackie Kennedy (a story that not even the Warren Commission can have believed in the heart of its many hearts). Beyond this point, Cockerell's story became a mass of appalling and diffuse suggestions. The hatred of the Teamster boss Jimmy Hoffa for the Kennedys, Bobby in particular, seemed to speak for itself; but what exactly was in it for the *padrino* Trafficante (wonderful name for a crook) never became clear, especially as one's attention was diverted at vital moments by the problem of guessing who Cockerell's chief witness, 'Dr Peters', might be. As usual, the FBI and CIA seemed to be everywhere in the story without leaving much more than a trail of mutilated documents. It was altogether the most powerful apprehension-building programme on America for a long time, without ever looking likely to organise its cancerous suspicions into a serviceable diagnosis.

What it did do was put the viewer in a highly receptive frame of mind for *Americans*, which followed a little later on BBC-2. This is in many ways a more limp-wristed series than it ought to be – too much of a passive look-at-lifestyles – but what it lacks in boldness it has often made up in a rather snide choice of victim. With only one or two exceptions, everybody it has highlighted so far has been a copper-bottomed bastard. Last week, we had a fine ol' plantation family from Plaquemine, Louisiana, who, when they heard that Desmond Wilcox would be interviewing an old black widder-woman ex-employee called Josephine on the estate the following day, rushed round and spent the night painting Josephine's wooden shack from top to bottom – red walls, silver roof. The nice noisy old pipe-smoking girl had been scared stiff, fearing that the place was going to be sold.

This time we had John O'Grady, a private eye on Sunset Strip. Here there was no possibility of the programme-maker's sorting out fact from fiction, since O'Grady was already modelling himself so assiduously on the all-American shamus fantasy he knew his clients would have in mind. Eased off the police force for over-persuasive methods, O'Grady now cashes in. Wearing loud but tailored shirts lifts him out of the frayed-collar Marlowe bracket; flashing a prominent diamond given to him by Elvis Presley actively helps him to charge the fees he wants (and needs – his office costs him '$618 before I smoke a cigarette'). What was really interesting

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about his procedure, however, was not the element of Chandler-rerun in its backgrounds – rich, unhappy dames on sunlit terraces – but the way it showed how deeply unscrupulousness is embedded in the American system. Making what he termed 'stiff-calls', O'Grady screened people over the phone by adopting a variety of completely spurious guises: an insurance broker, a member of the Rotary Club's Citizen of the Year committee. 'It's subterfuge,' he explained, 'and not illegal.' At this rate, it will soon be appropriate to ask what *is* illegal in America, or, more to the point, what kind of illegality it is impossible to bargain one's way out of. The whole nation seems to get more exciting, and more difficult to approve of, with every issue that arises — or do I mean every TV series?

There was a time when I thought there could be nothing more pleasant than to be a King's Singer, and make one's living by singing in harmony. My envy reached a climax some years ago when I sat across the gangway from the team as they sorted out their music on the way to a gig in Durham. What variety, what fun, what cleanliness of technique and simplicity of pleasure! All these attractions have since been steadily eroded, until I can now scarcely bear to watch the group at work at all. Their *World of Music* (BBC-2) was a torment. They have become self-regarding (they have an awful sig-tune about themselves) and musically predictable: there is a limit to the applicability of male alto or counter-tenor parts, and the insertion of out-of-tempo quotes from other tunes is a dreary arranger's device. This latest programme added twee sets and awful costumes to the mess, and much of the performance was pre-recorded so that the Singers could participate in stately dance-routines for which they are ill-equipped. When *It Don't Mean A Thing If It Ain't Got That Swing* turned out not to have got anything of the kind, my dudgeon hit a new high. I hope the chaps will doff the motley and think again.

Weekend Competition

No 2505 Set by Farouche Features

The Comp Complex Sponsorship Scheme is here again. Thanks to Penguin Books, free copies of Spike Milligan's imaginative biography of William McGonagall are riding on No 2505. So vandalise any classic of up to 16 lines (preferably a pristine lyric) in the style of the great blunderer. By Tuesday 21 March, so haul ass.

Result of No 2502 Set by Noah

We asked for verses in which every line contained the concealed name of a poet.

Report by Al Fresco

A very popular comp, this, as the sweating and groggy-kneed postman remarked to us. *Honourable mentions*, plus a quid apiece, to R. N. G. Marken (for getting 25 poets into 14 lines) and Mary Clemence (for the line which raised the biggest groan: 'Woddis this life is full of selfish care . . .'). Eight pounds to Flarge; seven to the rest.

With *bunting* threadbare on the hoop-la stall,
Stout *morris*-dancers puffing on the *green*
Outside the *Lamb* and Flag, our festival
Comes to its *swift* conclusion – sombre scene!
The *peacock* spreads his feathers and I yawn.
Our village idiot with his dirty, *gray*
Long-*johns on* (nothing else) crosses the lawn
And disappears. The *young* bloods roar away
In *smart* cars, while the *butler* from the castle,
A *new man* after ten pints, slips his bird
A *pound*, and then assaults her like a parcel.
Boarding her Rolls, the old *squire*'s wife
is heard
To say, 'A *ralegh* pleasant afternoon!
I'm *surrey*, though, it had to end *sassoon*.'

PERCY FLARGE

Calleva Atrebatum under February *frost*
Hides *fuller* days of glory of two thousand
years ago.
Graves of Caesar's legions are overgrown
and lost
With a *hood* of seedy fodder crops and patches
of wet snow.
To *savage land or* sinecure the
mercenaries tramped
Over marshy flats and wheatfields *browning* in
the sun;
The thinnest traces show the roads and *bridges*
where they camped:
Over *gray* and mossy wall-remains the raucous
children run.

Now the *Austin* and the *Bentley* will bring the
legions bold
Where ancient Roman feet would *pound*
the way;
In the car-park they will *sit well* wrapped
against the cold,
The *hardy* conquering cohorts of today.
At Silchester a *lark in* solitary flight
Makes a *swift* last sortie over military might.

JIM ANTHONY

Her Bert has little taste for haute cuisine,
Disparaging her aspic (tongues of *lark in*);
Her wish that he *love peacock*, or tureen
Of *lamb* soup (glacé), won no credit mark in
His 'Best Nosh Guide'. He said, 'Just bring
me *porter*,
A glass, and Bisto *browning* up my gravy.
Your snails would make a Glasgow man
drink water,
Your *hamburger* would turn all straight
hair wavy.
The gourmet in this British *land or* nation
Will never burn his *bridges* when abroad;
A look of *frost* will greet their spiced collation –
A *fry*-up – yes! – all else will be ignored.
In France, my "*Cor!* – *bière* and sarnies" saves
Us from the garlic grasp of foreign *graves*.'

BILL GREENWELL

By Ron, I mean the Greenwood Ron –
you know –
The bloke who pipped *young* Clough for
Revie's job,
Whose *prior* role was playing honest Joe
To Don the *Hood*, who joined the Arab mob.
No touchline *barker* – he's the FA's man,
The theorist, who's learnt to *read* the game –
(While West Ham lose, points out the
hardy fan,
And Forest come on *strong*!) Have they
no shame
These FA cronies, *swift* as dozy snails?
Who will not *crane* their necks to see the mess?
Who *sit well*-placed on boards while
soccer fails –
Instead of building *bridges* to success?
But what are *words worth* dealing with
such fools?
Let's *pound* our angry fists and shout:
'Clough rules!'

TIM HOPKINS

Tony Miles

Chess

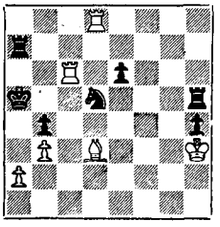
No 74 Christmas Problems

The two Christmas problems were both, as most solvers realised, composed studies. As a general rule I do not set studies, and the few exceptions are reasonably game-like situations with elegant solutions that happen to appeal. **Problem 64a (7R/K6B/8/k7/Pp6/8/r7/8)** is not too difficult once you find the main line (1. B-N8, R-QN7! 2. B-N3!! R x B; 3. R-R8! K x P; 4. K-N6 mate!) but there are many interesting variations on the way. Firstly one must realise that 1. R-R8 (. . . K x P; 2. K-N6ch, K-N6; 3. B-N8ch or . . . R x P; 2. K-N7ch and B-Q3ch) fails to 1. . . . P-N6 and if 2. K-N7ch, K-N5 draws. So 1. B-N8, R-QN7. This is fairly clearly best: 1. . . . R x P; 2. R-R5 is mate. Or 1. . . . R-KN7; 2. B-N3, R-N2ch; 3. K-N8, R-N2ch (others lose slowly to R-R5ch or K-N7); 4. K-B8 (not K x R stalemate) wins. Otherwise white consolidates. 2. B-N3!! Here 2. B-B4 is an interesting try: 2. . . . K x P? 3. K-N6! P-N6; 4. K-B5! and R-R8 mate. But 2. . . . P-N6! draws: 3. B-N5, R-N7; 4. R-QN8 (or 4. R-R1, K-N5) P-N7; 5. B-B6, R-N3! 2. . . . R x B. The stalemating try 2. . . . R-KR7 fails to 3. R-KB8! R-KB7; 4. R-QR8! and R-B2ch; 5. B x R is not stalemate. 3. R-QR8! threatens K-N7 mate, so the only defence is K x P when 4. K-N6 is mate! **Problem 64b (3k4/1n6/p7/1N6/5r2/P7/1R6/N2K4)** is a little longer. 1. R-Q2ch, K-B1 (if . . . K-K2; 2. R-K2ch and 3. N-B3 wins); 2. N-R7ch, K-N1; 3. N-B6ch, K-B2; 4. N-B2! (not 4. N-N3, R-QR5! whilst others cost a knight) K x N; 5. N-Q4ch, K-N3 (5. . . . R x N is a theoretical loss and other moves lose the rook) 6. R-N2ch, K-R2 (or 6. . . . K-R4; 7. R-N4! threatening N-B6 and N-N3 mate); 7. N-B6ch, K-R1; 8. R-N6, R-QR5; 9. K-B1 (or B2), R x P; 10. K-N1!! (The final finesse – black is in zugzwang. 10. K-N2? R-R5 reverses the situation and only draws) R-R5; 11. K-N2! R-R4; 12. N x R, N x N; 13. R x Pch and 14. R x N wins.

It is interesting that white has no alternative win at move 9. Some entrants thought that 9. K-K2, R x P; 10. R-B2 followed by eventual penetration to QB7 was sufficient but in that case black would wait until the king reaches K7 and then play R-QR6 (or R-K6ch if the R is already on QR6) and after K-Q7 N-B4ch! K-Q6 (or B7) R-QN6! drawing.

I had intended that these problems would prove a little harder than usual, but it seems I was wrong, or rather that there are many study specialists among the solvers. In fact no less than ten entrants correctly solved both. Prizewinners next week.

Problem 74



White to play has a promising position but can he win? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked not later than 21 March.

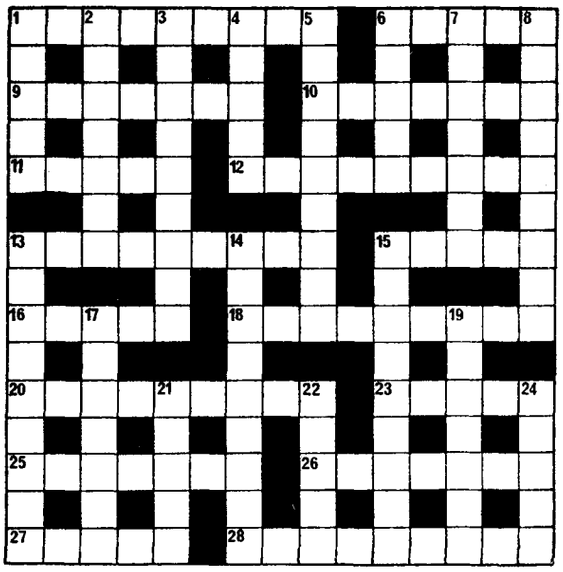
Solution to Problem 72

1. . . . P-K5! 2. BP x P (or 2. QP x P, B x P; 3. K-K3, BQ6! winning) R x R; 3. K x R, B x P; 4. N-B2 (or 4. P x B, R x Nch and 5. . . . R-Q5 wins) B-B4! 5. R-K3, R-Q5! 6. N-K4, B x N; 7. P x B (or 7. R x B, R x QP) R x BP with a won ending.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Weekend Crossword 1255

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1255, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 21 March.



ACROSS

1. Made a loud noise about an article and talked nonsense (9).
6. More than one of these learners would make a mistake in reverse (5).
9. Following a leader in the making of a treaty (7).
10. Reverse of strange and precipitate plague (7).
11. Negro who starts speaking with a pulpit (5).
12. If painless the cases could be trials (9).
13. Being a rat, one comes between gang and bird (9).
15. Tragic heroine who holds me endlessly beloved (5).
16. Nut needed for spare cap (5).
18. Isle with no charge for accommodation? (9).
20. People are put in to make reductions in the written evidence (9).
23. 'Pinnacled dim in the intense ——' (Shelley) (5).
25. Wonder of nature gives an artist profit in return (7).
26. In his cups the fool has a short drink (7).
27. We enter a group for the course (5).
28. The people in the van are unhappy about a chap going after the fruit (9).

DOWN

1. Strikes when following in a vehicle (5).
2. Potentially bad sign for a part of the body (7).
3. Instrument used by a man with a choir (9).
4. Rekindled in every quarrel I take up (5).
5. On leaving, this would be the place to show silent cunning (9).
6. Rod for fish (5).
7. Congratulated for getting out of one's despair (7).
8. A painting is done and places look different (9).
13. Castle where arrivals are second-class? (9).
14. Foreigners who may masquerade as relations (9).
15. Playwright as performer of cut choral work (9).
17. Land surrounded by foreign territory (7).
19. See liar reforming to appreciate truth (7).
21. Intended to hold me superior to an insect (5).
22. A thousand surrounded by a few in battle (5).
24. Stopped short of a hundred and relaxed (5).

SETSQUARR

Solution to Salamanca 3

Note: Unclued across letters spell a quotation from Thomas Tusser's Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry: 'Feb, fill the dyke With what thou dost like.'

Prizewinners to Salamanca 3

H. W. Massingham (Manchester)
Miss Eveleigh (Winford)
M. D. Laws (London N22)

Personal

ARTISTIC COUPLE with 2 children, wish to join with others in purchase of large house (GLC area), that could be divided into self-contained units whilst retaining some communal advantages. If interested, please write Box 698.

ST GEORGE'S DAY FESTIVAL. Trad. Sq. Bands, singers, dancers reqd. 01-852 0627.

CROSSWORD FANATICS: The Crossword Club offers compact edition of the OED (or £25) as first prizes to dedicated solvers of really challenging Competition Puzzles contained in free monthly Newsletter. For details of membership (£3.50 p.a.) please send s.a.e. to the Secretary at Hilberry Farm, Awbridge Hill, Romsey, Hants.

'YOGA AT HOME': Studio recording of Hatha Yoga exercises with relaxation. A balanced sequence of exercises on C60 cassette with illustrated guide. Price £2.50 incl. Also available 'Relaxation' price £2 incl. Greta Johnson, Dept N, 5 Elizabeth Court, Collingham, Nr Leeds.

MAKE BREAD WITHOUT YEAST? Read 'The Pristine Loaf', the therapeutic benefits of sourdough bread, with recipes. Health Food Shops or from H. Pickles, 6 Elmete Grove, Roundhay, Leeds 8. 45p incl. p. & p.

PERSONAL BIO-CALENDARS. Your bio-rhythms at a glance. Send £3.25 and birth-date to Biocal Ltd (NS), 27 Church Road, Tunbridge Wells, Kent. 0892 38919.

VISION CORRECTED. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates practitioner, Michael Ronan, 39 Smith Street, London SW3. 935 9847.

PSYCHOLOGIST/Hypnotherapist P. J. Millin of Harley Street. Develop confidence/overcome tension: etc. Appts. Tel. 01-800 4045.

ONGOING THERAPY-GROWTH GROUP. Tuesday eves, NW6. 607 4172/794 6062.

'SELF IMPROVEMENT through Remedial Handwriting'. Write: 21 Wellington Road, Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancs OL6 6DP.

IDENTIFY YOURSELF as what you are — a citizen of the world — WSA can supply: World Passport, World Citizen Identification World Citizen News. Contact: BCM — Passport, London WC1V 6XX.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS. PSYCHOLOGIST. Formerly of Princes Gate. Now at Richmond. Phone 940 4416.

WHAT IS PRIMAL BLISS? Bodymind Methods, Primal, Bioenergetic, Gestalt, Meditation. Reciport (reciprocal non-professional support) can be integrated. Reciport, 10 Steeles Mews South, NW3. Tel. 01-586 4109 (8-9.30 a.m., 6.30-7 p.m. & weekends).

HEY! Don't miss out on concerts, theatres, parties, friends. Join Metamorphosis, lively London social group for 25s-45s. S.a.e. Box 775.

BAFFLED FEMALE questions if caviar is kosher and other imponderables. Mature mentor wanted. Box 703.

ARE YOU A KIND, reasonably cultured man, mid-50s+, Mediterranean tastes, seeking lasting relationship? Box 766.

ATTRACTIVE F. (40s), dk hair, romantic, amusing, sympathetic & kind (mostly). Ints: home, arts, bks, travel fd/wine, skg loving companionable marriage. Wd like to meet tall personable m. (40s/50s), prof./exec. with good s. of humour, temper, intelligence, manners & income. London/Kent. Box 740.

OVER-IMAGINATIVE & near sighted female of 43 requires explorer to run away with, philosopher to transcend herself with or farmer to bury herself with. Box 743.

HANDSOME Japanese-American male, 36, 5'7", 150 lbs, never married, school teacher with MA degree. Wants to meet attractive lady for friendship and marriage to move and settle in sunny Southern California (near LA). Must like the outdoors. Write: Roy Todoroki, 1116 No. Lawrence Ave, Rosemead, California 91770, USA.

CAMPAIGN COFFEE

Imported direct from Tanzanian Co-operatives. Used as a tool in education about world commodity trading. To make this possible we need 1 year (fully guaranteed) interest free loans.

CAN YOU HELP?

Dept NT, Campaign Co-op (London), 75 Rosendale Road, London SE21.

UNASHAMEDLY INTELLECTUAL f., mid 30s, seeks pen friends (m./f.): interests arts, some politics. Genuine scribes only; no freaks. Box 768.

COFFEE AT KIRKLANDS? Liverpudlian male, 30, friendly, artistic, left-wing, seeks female for friendship, theatre, concert visits. Box 741.

SPAIN. Is there a kind, sincere, intelligent gentleman living in Spain or England, who would like to meet tall, slim, attractive British lady, late 40s, private secretary, living & working many years in Castellon provine? Box 678.

UNCLE SAMantha needs you! — if you are 40ish, intelligent, attractive and gentle — to share good female companionship, art, theatre, etc. And if we're fortunate, we'll laugh together too. Box 634.

LONDON LADY, cultured & attractive, sks male companion 60+, financially secure, interests, arts, country, travel. Box 679.

WIDOW, early 60s, blessed with good health, wide interests, satisfying work, dear friends, adequate income, finds life incomplete without some scholarly man to love and cherish. Box 680.

LATIN-AMERICAN m., 26, post graduate student at LSE, seeks sincere girl for friendship & mutual enjoyment, preferably clever & pretty. Robert, 5 Springfield Court, 41 Eton Avenue, London NW3.

M. ACTIVE, 63, ints music, languages, travel, dramatics, caught in marriage trap, sks understanding, attractive, lady friend 40-55, wide radius Peterborough. Box 718.

GRADUATE, considerate, sincere, seeks intelligent, restful, woman companion, 50s, for caring relationship or marriage. Please write, confidentially, as fully as you feel able to, so that I can reply equally fully and you can decide if you would care to meet me. Box 722.

EDUCATED, ATTRACTIVE LADY with interesting career, love of life & people, div., teenage son. Ints, music, painting, theatre, sks educ. gentleman, kind & considerate, nice sense of humour, for close companionship, perhaps lasting? (Oxon). Box 724.

PROFESSIONAL MAN, 40, slim 5'11", unattached, leftish, wide interests, friendly, easy-going, caring, sincere, seeks warm, caring woman, 30s, for friendship or relationship. Box 723.

I'M GLAD I'M FEMALE, looking for congenial male, sixties, left-winger, London, for caring relationship. I appreciate cultural interests and a nice home. Box 486.

GENTLEMAN, 56, tall, good looking, healthy, neat, non-alcoholic, non smoker, honest, highly reliable, no ties, own house, car, independent, seeks country lady, up to 50. Box 616.

THE OBJECT OF THIS AD. is not for those who are after emotional involvement, it is for real friendship based on similar interests. I am 40, an Asian graduate engineer, new to London, interested in theatre, ballet, musical concerts & good films. I would like to meet a refined lady in her 30s, of similar interests, to accompany me to these activities: I shall pay expenses incurred. Box 709.

ADEQUATELY MARRIED in social and financial terms, but intellectually and emotionally decidedly under-nourished, prof. fem., young 40, seeks solution to this insoluble problem. Perhaps occ. contact with similar m.? London area. Box 719.

WARM, ATTRACTIVE, mature woman wishes to meet mature personable male — car appreciated. Box 733.

PROF. WOMAN, div., 38, wide interests, reasonably personable, seeks relationship with similar man, pref. intelligent, kind, tallish. Box 730.

LAWYER, virile 45, div., sks companion. Loves home-life, children, music, theatre, sailing & travel. Active social life in Hants/Surrey. Reasonably affluent, humorous & sociable. Tolerant in politics (left-wing Tory) & religion (low C. of E.). Box 769.

LONDON. This attractive, cultured lady (widowed) 'would be so nice to come home to'. Does that interest an educated, exe. or prof. gent. over 55? Sincerity important. No affairs. Box 767.

AFFECTIONATE, widely travelled, cultured, creative lady, 50, who loves the rough & sophisticated life, is looking for a partner with sense of humour, imagination & thoughtfulness. Box 579.

YOUTHFUL WIDOW, 60s, attractive, petite, wants to meet a widower or divorced prof. man for companionship, especially if his ints include travelling, theatre, & a love of home comforts. SE London. Box 710.

SELF-EMPLOYED GRADUATE existing solo in Scots farmhouse, sks f. (20-35), to share social/recreat./survival activities. Broad ints (music, crafts, walking). Box 699.

FUN-LOVING, adventurous female, 27, sks relationship with male, 30+ in Clyde area. Ints country, most sports and animals/music. Box 700.

RAPPORT: The intelligent person's introduction service. Write Rapport, Post Office Box 94, Oxford OX2 9JR.

THE LONELINESS PROBLEM is worse for better-educated people: there are fewer of us; our standards are higher; contact is more difficult. Send 10p for news of a solution to Tally c/o Mailroom, 32 Newman Street, London W1P 3PE.

SWEDISH GIRLS. Hundreds of beautiful and attractive young Swedish girls would like to correspond with you. Details free. Rovema International, Dept. E6, S-126 22 Hagersten, Stockholm, Sweden.

N. W. LONDON READERS

ARE YOU SATISFIED WITH YOUR T.V. RENTAL SERVICE?

DRAZIN LTD offer a high standard of service with a wide choice of models.

We have been established in Hampstead since 1927

Telephone 435 7441 or call at our showrooms at

59 HEATH ST, NW3

(opposite Hampstead Tube Station)

N.W. London readers only, please

ONE FRIENDSHIP AGENCY stands out from the rest. Find out more by joining Sue Carr, Somerset Villa, Harrogate. Free brochure. Tel. 0423 63525 anytime.

WHY READ THE 'SMALLS' in this column? Join Nexus! You can get in touch with hundreds of unattached people by simply lifting the 'phone — to help you start communicating you will know a lot more than they can put in an ad — and socially there is everything you could want! Nexus is not an introduction agency or a 'lonely hearts' club. Phone Barbara or Peter 01-359 7656 or 01-359 6703 (incl. Sats).

UNUSUAL PEN FRIENDS excitingly different, highly personal dept. & married couples dept. Monthly journal. Free brochure. S.a.e. (SNX) Bureau des Amies, PO Box 54, Rugby, Warwickshire.

FIND FRIENDSHIP, LOVE or marriage. All ages, areas — free details from: Dateline Computer Dating, Dept NT, 23 Abingdon Road, London W8. Tel. 01-937 6503.

JOAN REMICK MARRIAGE & Friendship Bureau. Interviewers throughout UK. 155 Knightsbridge, London SW1. 01-584 5151.

MEET INTERESTING NEW FRIENDS and marriage partners. Write (s.a.e.) London Correspondence Club, NS, London W8 6EJ.

SUMAN MARRIAGE BUREAU, (First Asian Bureau). 67 South Road, Southall, Middx. Tel. 01-571 5145 or 01-579 2732. Friendship/Marriage.

LOVE & MARRIAGE is a Bureau for single parents and people who enjoy family life. S.a.e. 400 Harrow Road, London W9.

WANDERING LONELY AS A CLOUD? Silver linings are gladly provided by 'Status' who will introduce you to the sort of people who would never dream of enrolling with an ordinary Marriage Bureau. 'Status', 88 Marylebone High Street, W1. 286 2128 (24 hrs).

Personal Services

SEX SUPERMARKET
THE ADULT CENTRE

(established over 10 years)
for Sex Aids and Appliances, Vibrators, French Ticklers, Exotic Undies etc.

Catalogues 10p + postage, on request.

619 Sheffield Rd, Whittington Moor, Chesterfield. Tel. 451118
International sheath leaflet inc. DUREX brands s.a.e.

FREE SHEATHS

12 ribbed STIMULA free worth £1.60 when you return this ad with £3.1 order

20 TEXTURE PLUS (new!)	£3.25
20 GEISHA SLIMS 7% smaller	£3.10
30 GOSSAMER	£2.48
30 FETHERLITE	£2.75
20 R3 Long ACT	£2.30

32 Sheath International Sampler — all new features included £3.20

Satisfaction or money refund. All sent in plain pack

Adam & Eve. Stopes Sales. 108 (NS1) Whitfield Street, London W.1.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

APPOINTMENTS

Personal Assistant/Secretary to Assistant Director (Social Work)

This is a responsible and interesting post within a long established charity well known for its high standards of social work service and student training. The successful candidate will aid the Assistant Director (Social Work) in managing a thriving and expanding department of eight area offices around London and one in Milton Keynes.

The work will involve the job holder in a wide range of activities such as liaising with colleges to organising committees and planning with the Assistant Director. This requires initiative, enthusiasm, good organising/secretarial abilities and a mature personality. If you would like to discuss this post further contact:

David Best, Assistant Director (Social Work),
The Family Welfare Association,
501/505 Kingsland Road, Dalston E8 4AU.
Tel: 01-254 6251 Ext 29.

Salary £3,351.60 - £3,780.00 including L.W. and Supplement.

THE INSTITUTE OF GROUNDSMANSHIP

wishes to appoint a

Chief Administrator

reporting directly to the Chairman of the Institute and responsible for the organisation and running of the Institute's office at Ewell initially, then based permanently at Milton Keynes.

The job involves organising the Institute's examinations, training courses, conferences and exhibitions, etc., administration of the Institute's publishing outlets, and supervision of clerical staff. Applicants should be self-motivated and able to use the freedom this position offers to develop and foster the interests of the Institute along commercial lines.

A salary negotiable around £5,000 p.a. is envisaged, with essential car user's allowance and expenses payable.

Further details and application form can be obtained from: **The Secretary, Institute of Groundsmanship, 108A, Chessington Road, West Ewell, Surrey.**

POST OFFICE ENGINEERING UNION
Assistant Research Officer

Applications are invited for a vacancy which has arisen in the Research Department of the Post Office Engineering Union. The post is graded at Assistant Research Officer level and carries a salary scale of £6,730 rising to £7,022 by four annual increments. There is a contributory superannuation scheme.

Candidates will be expected to possess good academic qualifications, preferably in Social Science subjects. Experience in dealing with material related to wage bargaining, industrial economics and corporate planning would be a useful additional qualification. A knowledge of statistics and/or econometric techniques would be an advantage. A keen interest in the trade union movement is essential.

Application forms and further particulars may be obtained by written request from: **the General Secretary, Post Office Engineering Union, Greystoke House, 150 Brunswick Road, Ealing, London W5 1AW.** The closing date for the receipt of completed application forms is **31 March, 1978.**

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL

requires an

EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT

for the European Research Department to work on Eastern Europe and handle and coordinate work by the international membership on individual cases of concern to Amnesty International. Applicants should have a background knowledge of the socio-political and legal conditions of Albania, Bulgaria, Hungary, Poland, Romania and Yugoslavia. Applicants with fluent knowledge of one or more East European language, preferably Bulgarian, Romanian or Serbo Croat in combination with German would be preferred. Excellent typing necessary. Salary £3,852 per annum. Closing date 7 April 1978. For application contact 10 Southampton Street, London WC2, or 'phone 01-836 7788 Ext. 289.

WORKERS' EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION
WEST OF SCOTLAND DISTRICT

TUTOR-ORGANISER

Applications are invited for the post of tutor-organiser with the above District. Applicants should preferably have an honours degree in subjects appropriate to adult education.

The person appointed will be required to live in the Ayr Division of Strathclyde Region.

Salary is on a scale of £3,039 x £5,754 (normal maximum) and after 3 years of normal maximum by £231 to £5,985.

Placing will be given for qualifications and experience.

Applications forms may be obtained from Robert Lochrie, District Secretary, WEA, 212 Bath St, Glasgow.

Closing date 31 March 1978.

UNIVERSITY OF NEW SOUTH WALES

Sydney, Australia

SCHOOL OF DRAMA

PROFESSOR OF DRAMA

Applications are invited for appointment to the above-mentioned chair which has become vacant following the retirement of Professor Robert Quentin in 1977. The appointee will have high academic qualifications, together with practical experience of theatre and will become head of the School. The School is academic in character and is not involved in training for the stage.

Salary: $A31,248 per annum. Subject to the consent of the University Council, professors may undertake a limited amount of higher consultative work. The University reserves the right to fill any chair by invitation.

Details and conditions of appointment can be obtained from the Secretary General, Association of Commonwealth Universities (Appts), 36 Gordon Square, London WC1H 0PF.

Applications close on 30 June 1978.

CHRISTIAN ACTION

seeks a

SECRETARY

With good shorthand and typing speeds to work on a campaign for racial justice. Salary £3,500 per annum. 20 days holiday. Luncheon Vouchers.
Ring Rosemarie Adams, 01-248 4793. 15 Blackfriars Lane, London EC4.

EASTER SECRETARIAL COLLEGE leavers call on Stella Fisher. Widest choice includes Publishing Houses, Academic Bodies, Charitable Trusts as well as recruitment for Bankers, Commerce, Industry and the Professions. The No-Branch-Bureau which offers a specialist service to educated office people. Stella Fisher Bureau, 110 Strand, London WC2. 01-836 6644 (also open Sats 10 a.m.-12.30 p.m.).

ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE, 56 Queen Anne St, W1, seeks part-time assistant for a few months in publications department (typing, invoicing, packing etc). From 3 April, about 3 days a week. £25 per week. Would suit married woman. Apply with resumé and references to the Director.

LITERARY AGENT. Giles Gordon of Anthony Sheil Associates, WC1 reqs inspired Secretary. Margot Edwards 01-636 2901.

COMMUNITY SERVICE VOLUNTEERS
ADVISORY SERVICE

Secretary/Assistant

We need a secretary/assistant to help with all aspects of our work: developing and publishing resource materials for schools and colleges, organising workshops and conferences, giving advice and information. Must be able to audio-type and to organise busy office. Some routine work but lots of scope for person interested in involving schools in action in the community. Salary: £2,856-£3,018.

Ring or write to **Chris Moffat or Ann Griffith, 01-278 6601, C.S.V., 237 Pentonville Road, London N1 9NJ.**

ASTMS

Has a vacancy for a temporary General Office (Post room)

SUPERVISOR

This is a maternity leave replacement and therefore employment is subject to provisions of Section 51 of the Employment Protection Act.

Qualifications should include previous supervisory experience plus knowledge of Trade Unions.
Applications in writing please to **Mrs J. Geary, ASTMS, 10/26a Jamestown Rd, London NW1**

UNIVERSITY OF REGINA
Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada.

FACULTY OF SOCIAL WORK
TEACHING POSITION

The Faculty of Social Work invites applications for a teaching position in a M.S.W. degree programme. Major responsibilities within a curriculum emphasising applied research, personal social services administration and related policy issues.

Qualifications

Advanced degree followed by professional preparation and appropriate experience and research. Some Canadian experience preferred.

Salary Range

Assistant Professor: **$16,997 - $24,647**

Associate Professor: **$22,307 - $31,517**

Date of Appointment
1 July 1978

Send inquiries to:

Dean
Faculty of Social Work
University of Regina
Regina, Saskatchewan,
Canada S4S 0A2

FREEDOM! JOBS AT SEA Home/Abroad. Inexperienced men, women, high pay, oil rigs, diving, liners, cargo, merchant marine, fishing fleet. 'Employment Guide' 65p. 100,000 vacancies UK, Europe, America, Scandinavia, Middle East (26 countries). Very high wages! Low, low taxes! 'Working Holiday Free Travel Guide' 80p. Both £1.25. Buck (NS), 196 Green St. Enfield, Middlesex.

TEA, A CHAT AND A JOB at the Winifred Johnson Office Staff Bureau, 118 New Bond Street, W1 (opp. Fenwick's). 493 3005.

MEDICAL SECRETARIES and receptionists urgently required for doctors and hospitals, perm. and temp. M. & S. Agency, 124 Gloucester Road, SW7. 373 7185.

Appointments Wanted

DISILLUSIONED BUREAUCRAT, late 20s, PhD, offers adaptability, literacy, numeracy, knowledge of Whitehall in return for (part-time?) research/writing in political/voluntary spheres. Central/South London. Box 759.

ANIMAL WELFARE; organic farm job; horticulture: Mediterranean or further. Experienced, mature, married. Used to real work. 49B Bungalowpark, Haelen (L), Holland.

TRANSLATION, TYPING, RESEARCH (Fr./Sp.) graduate seeks commissions. 6033126.

Secretarial

GROUP of postgraduates will arrange to have your editing, proof-reading, indexing, typing etc. done expertly. Phone 727 5289.

QUALITY typing, English, German, French. Moderate charges. Anne Shotts. 452 6617.

ALL TYPING DONE at competitive charges Deadlines met. Ring 352 9145 mornings.

IBM TYPEWRITING, DUPLICATING and Xeroxing, also transcribing from Grundig tapes and Philips 86 cassettes, Scotts, 80 Queensway, London W2. 01-727 5828.

BOOKS, theses, scripts, office typing. Tapes/duplicating. Ann Walker. 01-584 0198.

Business Services

TRUSTY
TYPERS...
TACKLE TYPING, TAPES, TRANSCRIPTION AND TEDIOUS TASKS AT TREMENDOUSLY TEMPTING PRICES —
As well as lots of other office services not beginning with 'T', Telephone Wendy Ball or Linda Christian at
TYPERS...
on Uxbridge 56791 for a TERRIFIC TENDER.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Holidays/Travel

TRAVEL BARGAINS OF 1978

VENICE, VERONA, BOLOGNA £75. Staying at Lake Garda. May 27th–June 4th, June 17th–26th, Aug. 26th–Sept. 4th, Sept. 9th–18th.

BERLIN, DRESDEN, LEIPZIG £95. Staying at Gera. July 8th–16th, Aug. 5th–13th. Full board, 1st class hotel. Full programme.

LENINGRAD £125. July 8th–19th, Aug. 5th–16th, Nov. 1st–12th. Full board Leningrad, and all sight-seeing, free theatre evening.

WARSAW and VILNIUS (Lithuania) £135. July 22nd–Aug. 4th. With full board and sight-seeing programme.

YORKSHIRE TOURS,
49 Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ. Phone 0484 24269

OPERA

PUCCINI FESTIVAL
at Torre del Lago
in August
LA SCALA MILAN
throughout season
For details:
LIRICA TRAVEL
01-794 8991
75 Parliament Hill, NW3.

VEGETARIANS
Superb holiday Majorca, 1-15 April
Exc. cuisine. Daily yoga in all grades and discussion sessions under direction of Philip Pick, Vice-Pres. of Int'l Vegetarian Union (optional). Fully-inc. £158. Gatwick. Also from Manchester & Glasgow. ABTA, ATOL 153BD. Hurry. Brochure, write:
Vegetarian Holiday, 30 Baker St, London W1.

BIG SAVINGS AT EDALCROFT LTD
Amsterdam £37
Germany from £49
and many more cheap flights all over the world
SPECIAL DISCOUNTS FOR STUDENTS
Write/ring: 13 Jacey Galleries, 523 Oxford St, London W1
01-629 7121/2

Progressive Tours Ltd,
12 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, London W2 2BS. 01-262 1676.
SPECIALIST STUDY TOURS TO THE USSR
Easter Education Tour
23 March - 6 April.
Moscow, Minsk and Kiev — educational visits and meetings. £205.
Art and Architecture Study Tour
23 March - 6 April
Moscow, Vladimir and Leningrad. See finest Soviet galleries. £198.
Book now—LAST FEW PLACES!!!

DR TONY LAKE'S HOUSEPARTY
Hotel Hawaii, Benidorm, April 30-May 14
Fully-inc. £158 Gatwick. Also from Manchester & Glasgow. Tony Lake, BA, PhD, of Wavelength Communication Research, London will conduct a sunshine course into **'friendship, understanding, fulfilment and a better and more interesting life.'** ABTA. ATOL 153BD. Brochure, write: **Friendship Holiday, 30 Baker Street, London W1.**

SPECIAL FARE '77/78

BANGKOK	TOKYO
SINGAPORE	DJAKARTA
KUALA LUMPUR	DELHI
HONG KONG	AUSTRALIA
MANILA	NEW ZEALAND

and all destinations in Europe, Middle and Far East.
Try us first.
The Travel News (UK) Ltd, Radnor House, 93/97 Regent St, London W1. Tel: 01-439 4578/9

BARTON CHILDREN'S HOLIDAYS have vacancies for enthusiastic people, over age 18, to supervise children's activities, at holiday centres in South England and Yorkshire — July-Sept. Suit teachers, students or child-care workers wishing an enjoyable holiday job. For details please contact The Staffing Dept, BCH, West Woodyates Manor, Nr Salisbury, Wilts, enc. A4 s.a.e.

HOUSES REQUIRED for holiday lets by American academic families, in London, Cotswolds, Cornwall & S. France. Write: Fingerhut, 194 Riverside Drive, NYC, NY 10025 USA.

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN. Residential summer school to rehearse 'The Gondoliers' in concert. Girton College, Cambridge. 6-12 August. Brochure from 246 Meanwood Rd, Leeds 7. Tel. 620912 or 679666 evenings.

BRECON BEACONS NATIONAL PARK. S/c. flat. S.a.e. High Darren, Llanigon, Hay-on-Wye, HR3 5QD. Tel. 049 43 255.

CONVERTED MINER'S COTTAGE in small town on edge of Brecon Beacons & Black Mountains. £20 incl. 01-980 8466 evgs.

STUDY HOLIDAYS. Everything from Archaeology to Zoology. Comprehensive list of all short residential courses in Scotland this Summer. 20p post free from Scottish Institute of Adult Education, 57 Melville St, Edinburgh EH3 7HL.

COSY, FRIENDLY HOLIDAYS on comfy canal narrow boats. Some Easter & Summer vacancies. Contact: Mike & Lindy Foster, Bridgewater Boats, Castle Wharf, Berkhamsted 3615.

DEVONSHIRE COTTAGE. Vegetarian guest house. Ideal holiday or retreat. Write: Meadowsweet Cottage, Victoria Street, Combe Martin, Devon. Coach stop nearby.

CORNWALL: 18th century farmhouse in 'area of outstanding beauty'; 2 dble bedrms. B.&b. £4. Vacancies for complete weeks from 27 May. Phone Penzance 66374.

INNIEMORE LODGE provides Highland Painting Holidays. May-Sept. Brochure: Julia Wroughton, ARCA, Inniemore Lodge, Carsaig, Mull, Scotland.

ALMOST FREE HOLIDAY. Exchange homes UK or Ireland with carefully selected partner for moderate fee. S.a.e. Home Rooms Ltd, 7 Provost Road, London NW3.

EXPRESS TRAVEL. Greece, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Spain. 01-734 6661/2.

ATHENS £18. Geneva, Italy, Yugo. Istanbul, Israel, Paris. Coach/boat. 01-485 6078.

BEST VALUE FARES, regular, reliable departures, world-wide & European destinations. MAS, Empire House, 119 Regent St, London W1. 439 8511 (answerphone) 2/3.

CRAFTS SCHOOL: short courses for adult beginners in spinning, weaving, Welsh quilting and calligraphy in purpose-built workshops in mountains of mid-Wales. Accommodation (camping to hotel) arranged for pupils and their families from January to October. For details send s.a.e. to J. N. S. Hoad, Gwaith Llaw y Werin Crafts School, Ffarmers, Llanwrda, Dyfed SA19 8PJ, or tel. Pumpsaint (055 85) 434.

WORLD WIDE ECONOMY FLIGHTS. Australia, New Zealand, USA, Canada, Far East, Europe, Tel Aviv & South Africa, Haymarket Travel Ltd, 31 Haymarket, SW1. 839 6958.

MAGIC BUS. Amsterdam £10, Paris £10.50, Athens £26, Barcelona £27, Copenhagen £28, Lisbon £35.50, Morocco £47. 74 Shaftesbury Ave, W1. 439 0729, 439 0557.

Property

SOMERSET. S'holding 9½ acres. 3 bdrm bungalow. Lge gdn, fruit trees/bushes. Outbuildings. Lovely views. £20,000. Box 765.

Removals

TAXIMOVES FOR 1 & 2 TON VANS, all with helpful working drivers. 722 7661.

GENTLE GHOST
REMOVALS COOPERATIVE
Fast, cheap & reliable
All sizes
603 2865/602 3719
33 Norland Rd, London W11.

Accommodation Vacant

3RD PERSON, quiet, 30+, poss, postgrad. to share Hampstead borders flat, with others (the same). Small own rm, but lge living rm & kit. £10 wkly excl. 435 2541.

3RD PERSON 26+, for lge unfurn. hse N8. £43 p.m. from 1 Apr. Tel. 359 0387 evgs.

FULHAM: prof. girl, 25-35, to share flat with man & cat. Own rm. £65 p.c.m. inc. 731 4003.

Accommodation Wanted

PROF. MAN seeks large bedsitter/small flat, London. Tel. 212 6568 (day).

YNG THEATRE DESIGNER & wife req. furn. accom. London. 01-660 2864 ev.

MIDDLE-AGED British academic on leave overseas university, sks 3-bdm furn. house/cottage, within easy reach London, mid-July to end Aug. No 'holiday' house please. Box 693.

VISITING ACADEMICS. Landlords: we urgently require flats & houses within easy reach of the British Museum & the University. Helen Watson & Co. 637 4863.

Publications

WANTED! BOOKWORMS & DISCWORMS. Our edition of 28 April will contain a 'Bookworm'/'Discworm' column. Any books, publications, periodicals or records you want can be advertised for 50 pence a line (av. 6 words per line, min. 2 lines. Box No. 50p). Please send remittance with order to: Bookworm/Discworm, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1.

YVONNE MITCHELL 'FABELS', illustrated, limited, signed edition (300) £4. MidNAG Publications, Ashington, Northumberland.

GET YOUR BOOK PUBLISHED. Details: New Horizon, 5 Victoria Dr., Bognor Regis. Also poems wanted. Write for special offer.

BROADCASTING: Catalogue of over 1,000 out-of-print books and magazines on all aspects of radio and television now available from Bampton Books, 'Franklyn', Deymans Hill, Tiverton, Devon. Tel. (08842) 56170.

ASTROLOGICAL BIRTH CHART and character analysis, send £5, including future trends/ potentials, £7, send birth details. For more specific services send for price list: John Willmott, Knockan, Bunessan, Mull, Argyll.

THE MARCHMONT BOOKSHOP, 39 Burton Street, WC1. Tel. 01-387 7989. Open 11-6 Mon. to Fri. List of Modern Literature available.

WRITERS: 'PROBLEM' MANUSCRIPT? Try Author Aid Associates, Dept NS, 340 East 52nd Street, NYC 10022, USA.

RUSSIA, EASTERN EUROPE WORLD Affairs. Books bought and sold. A. C. Hall, 30 Staines Road, Twickenham, Middx.

SECONDHAND Fiction and Biography, also new books at reduced prices, all at World of Books, 30 Sackville Street, London W1.

LIBRARIES BOUGHT. Hammersmith Books, Barnes High St. London SW13. 01-876 7254

REVIEW BOOKS and others in fine condition bought. D. Levin, Bookseller, 13 Grape Street. London WC2. 01-240 2376.

SECONDHAND BOOKS, 103 Hammersmith Rd, Olympia ,W14. Not Mondays. 603 9232

Financial

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES. £50-£20,000. Regional Trust Ltd, 8 Clifford St, New Bond St. London W1. 01-734 5983 or 2914.

School

THE NEW SCHOOL, King's Langley, based on the educational principles of Rudolf Steiner. This method of education aims at unfolding individual faculties and the development of truly social impulses. Co-educational Boarding and Day School. 5-16 years GCE at 'O' and 'A' levels. Prospectus on application. King's Langley 62505.

BIOLOGICAL PACIFICISM

Complete List of Academic Works of noted Japanese vegetarian, Nobel Prize Candidate

DR. HISATOKI KOMAKI, Ph.D

(NOW AVAILABLE FREE OF CHARGE)

Internationally Known Authority on the Theory and Practice of Vegetarianism

Dr Hisatoki Komaki's academic works and activities in the field of Biological Pacificism have won him world-wide recognition, including official nomination as a candidate for the Nobel Prize, along with the respected Dr Louis Kervran of France. In 1976, Dr Komaki was cited for his role in the organization of the Int'l Academic Congress on the Happier Coexistence of All Living Things held at Kyoto University in Japan, and at the Sorbonne, in Paris, in 1977. Prior to becoming the Founder and President of Japan's Seibutsu Noogyo Kenkyuusho Foundation, Dr Komaki, a Ph.D from Kyoto University, was a professor at Japan's Mukogawa University.

Biological Pacificism

Dr Komaki's extensive academic research into Biological Pacificism concludes that

(1) The killing of mammals (animals possessing consciousness) is exceptional even in the animal kingdom.

(2) As the definition of 'essential amino acids' shows, animals, in fact, are not producers, but consumers of life sustaining amino acids (the essential constituents of animal protein), as well as fats, carbohydrates and other vitamins.

(3) Cattle-breeding is an archaic practice based on the biological concentration of essential nutrients of plant origin and not their production.

(4) Science and technology have today evolved far superior methods of concentrating vital plant nutrients.

Biological Pacificism and the Philosophical Structure of Christ anity and Nichiren Shoshu Buddhism

In his collected works, Dr. Komaki examines both beliefs, arguing with firm proofs that each acknowledges the principle of an eternal life-span in every individual's True Self or Psi Body. He further argues, with firm proofs, that both possess effective methods for the complete liberation of the True Self (via a Mediator or a Mandala) as assured by the Universal Life.
Dr Komaki concludes:
Only through the complete liberation of the True Self or of the Psi Body (in Christianity, through a Mediator; in Nichiren Shoshu Buddhism, through a rhythmical chanting of "the phonetical and ideographical expression of the Cosmic Life", before a Mandala of the Cosmic Life), the ETERNAL PEACE OF ALL LIVING THINGS, including mankind, will attain the goal.

Turning Biological Pacificism Into a Working Reality

As a result of the series of opinion advertisements on Biological Pacificism that appeared in the New York Times BR section, London Times etc. etc., significant public interest has been awakened. More attention is needed, however, to achieve the goals of Biological Pacificism. One approach is a sustained opinion advertising campaign (i.e., 100 ads) that can effectively spread the doctrine of Eternal Peace — for all mankind, and all living things. Toward that end, contributions from influential citizens, and biological pacificists from around the world (together with continued contributions from Japan) are needed to make this goal a reality.

Let us organize SALT: The British Friends of HISATOKI KOMAKI for the Salvation of All Living Things.

For the complete list of collected works of Dr Komaki (free of charge) or for additional information write to:
Seibutsu Noogyoo Kenkyuusho Foundation
Sakamoto-Honmachi, Otsu, Shiga-ken, Japan.

U.K. LIAISON OFFICES NEEDED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Meetings—continued from page 340

THEOSOPHY. Informal Forum on Basic Theosophy, Sun. 12 Mar. 8 p.m. All welcome. S.a.e. free pamphlet, talks programme, booklist. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2.

Michio Kushi —
author of 'The Book of Macrobiotics' and 'A Dietary Approach to Cancer'.
17 March, 10 a.m. - 5 p.m.
Introductory Seminar —
"The Way of Life in the Age of Humanity'.
18/19 March, 10 a.m. - 5 p.m.
Advanced Level Seminar —
'Diagnosis & Human Destiny'.
Admission: One day £12.
Two + days £10 per day.
Lunches included in cost.
17 March 7.30 p.m. Public Lecture.
Civilisation is the Disease — **CANCER** is the **CURE**
A Positive approach to the rise of 'incurable' disease in Western Society according to the principles of Oriental Medicine. Admission £2 (Members £1.50).
Advanced booking is requested for Seminars and Lecture.
Community Health Foundation, 188 Old St, EC1. 01-251 4076.

GAY CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT
Second Annual General Meeting to be held at St Botolph's Church, Aldgate, London EC3, on 18 March 1978, from 10.30 a.m.
The programme includes:
The First Michael Harding Memorial Address, given by Kennedy Thom, **Business meeting**, 2 p.m.-5 p.m.; eucharist, and then at 11.30 an evening meal. Further details from: **The Secretary, c/o 15 Bermuda Road, Cambridge.**

An Introduction to BUDDHISM
is being held this Tuesday 6.30 p.m. at -
Friends Meeting House
52 St Martins Lane, WC2
(next to Pizzaland)
All are welcome. Admission is free.
BRITISH BUDDHIST ASSOCIATION
57 Farringdon Road, EC1.
01-242 5538 (office hours).

Courses

LAW FOR THE PEOPLE. Fabian Easter School 23-27 March, Beatrice Webb House near Dorking, Surrey. Director John Watkinson MP. Speakers include Peter Archer MP, Dianne Hayter, Ben Hooberman, Jo Jacobs, and a Chief Constable. Price, all inclusive, £32. Details Gladys Cremer, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St, SW1. Tel: 01-930 3077.

SHAKESPEARE IN THE ROUND: a residential weekend course at Dillington House Arts Centre, Somerset. Word and Action (Dorset) offer the chance to test the contention that the Round is the most important rediscovery in 20th Century Theatre through participation and discussion. For information and booking form write to: W. and A. (D), 186 Newstead Road, Weymouth, Dorset or telephone Weymouth 74205 (14-16 April).

GERMAN TUITION, all grades, by British subject academically trained in Germany. 435 8523, NW London.

DEGREE, GCE and professional courses by post with qualified tutors and personal timetable from Wolsey Hall, the Oxford Correspondence College. Accredited CACC. Member ABCC. Free prospectus from W. Milligan MA, Dept BG2, Wolsey Hall, Oxford OX2 6PR or Tel. 0865-54231 (24 hrs).

Philip Jenkinson Easter Film Weekend School — Girton College, Cambridge — 24-26 March 1978.
'ANARCHY IN US COMEDY'
4 features; 2 clip sessions; Single rooms; All meals; Wine; Tennis courts; Swimming Pool.
£32.50 (+ VAT)
Details: Philip Jenkinson Easter Film Weekend, 2 Marston Close, London NW6 4EU. Tel: 01-486 5353

FACULTY OF SOCIAL STUDIES

CNAA DEGREES
(FULL TIME)

B.A. (Hons) APPLIED SOCIAL STUDIES
4-year course with a 2-year foundation in the social sciences followed by options in social work (CQSW) and social research and planning (possible Dip.MRS).

B.A. (Hons) LAW
3-year course approved by the Council of Legal Education and the Law Society. A wide range of options is offered including a non-legal subject in the first two years.

B.A. and B.A. (Hons) LIBRARIANSHIP
After a common first year the student proceeds to complete either a 3-year course or a 4-year honours course. These are the only first degrees in librarianship in the London area.

B.A. (Hons) MODERN STUDIES
3-year course involving five social science disciplines: economics, history, law, politics and sociology, of which the student chooses two as main areas of study.

B.Sc (Hons) SOCIOLOGY
A theoretical and comparative 3-year course emphasising the application of theory to social issues in industrialised and underdeveloped societies and including history, psychology, philosophy, economics, a research project and a wide choice of options.

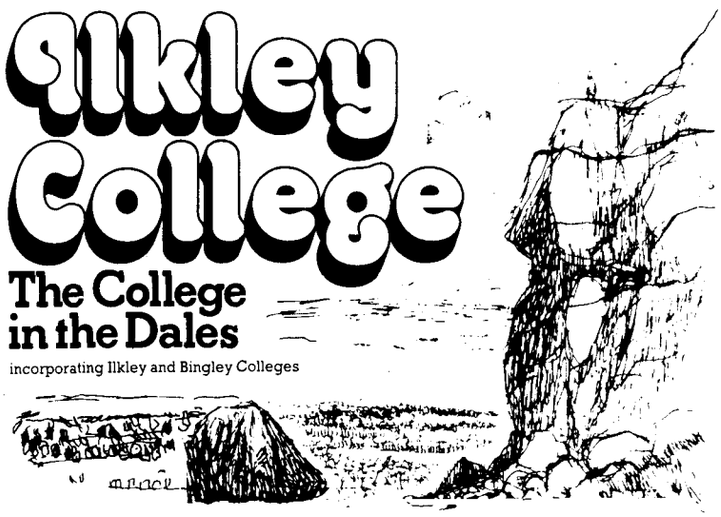
Write Admissions Office, The Polytechnic of North London, Holloway Road, London N7 8DB.

The Polytechnic of North London

Ilkley College

The College in the Dales

incorporating Ilkley and Bingley Colleges



– offers a limited number of places to selected candidates for a 3 years (Ordinary) or 4 years (Honours) Bachelor of Education.

TEACHING with a DIFFERENCE

A course based on Community Education and designed for students with a strong interest in developing community work from a school base e.g. after qualifying opportunities exist in teaching and home liaison work, youth work etc.
It is also possible to major in Home Economics, Dress and Textiles, or train for working with the 8—14 year old range.

Also available ● B.Ed. (Home Economics or Dress and Textiles) ● B.Sc. Home and Community Studies ● B.Sc. Community Studies ● B.A. General ● B.A. Recreational Studies ● B.A. Performing Arts.

Please send me an application form and more details about:
TEACHING WITH A DIFFERENCE ☐ B.Ed. Home Economics & Dress Textiles ☐ B.Sc. Home & Community Studies ☐ B.Sc. Community Studies ☐ Performing Arts ☐ Recreational Studies ☐ General ☐

Name_____
Address_____
_____
Telephone_____

Please return to: The Registrar, Room 12, Ilkley College, Wells Road, Ilkley.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW STATESMAN

Vol. 95 No. 2451

Contents

306 **James Fenton:** Poor Mr Steel
307 **R. W. Johnson & David Goldey:** Mixed Blessings on the French Left
308 **Alexander Cockburn:** Carter and the Coal Miners
309 **Jeremy Bugler:** The Windscale Verdict
310 **Ian Black:** Waiting for Hussein
312 **Tim Albert:** A Forgotten Generation
313 **Max Braun:** Sell-out in Salisbury
315 **Caroline Seebohm:** Happy Event
315 **Roger Woddis:** Song to David Owen
316 **Mary Morgan:** Seven Deadly Things
317 **Corinna Adam:** London Diary
318 **John Street:** The Long Goodbye
319 **Arthur Marshall:** Over There
320 **Letters to the Editor**

Books & Arts

322 **John Bayley:** Lowell
323 **Russell Davies:** Torture
Other reviews by M. R. D. Foot, Stephen Koss, Alan Ryan, Andrew Saint, Jeremy Treglown
331 **John Coleman:** Films
332 **John Spurling:** Art
332 **Mervyn Jones:** Paul Scott
333 **Benedict Nightingale:** Theatre
334 **Russell Davies:** Television
335 **Weekend Competition and Chess**
336 **Crossword**
Poems by Kingsley Amis

Theatres

ALDWYCH THEATRE (Royal Shakespeare Company) 836 6404. Recorded booking infor. 836 5332. No perfs until 4 April but postal booking now open for new London season of Shakespeare's 'Henry V' and Henry VI' plays from Stratford. Box office open 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Personal booking from 20 March. RSC's new Warehouse season at the Donmar Theatre opens 10 April. Book now in person, by post or telephone (01-836 6808).

ALMOST FREE, 9 Rupert St, W1. 485 6224. 'The Interview' by Alan Sillitoe with a short story 'The Examination' by Harold Pinter. Opens Sun. 12 March. 2.30 & 4.30. Mon.-Thurs. 1.15.

BITE GROUP performs 'Gast' and 'Grunwicks' at ICA 6 p.m. and 9 p.m. resp. 11 March. 75p. (Tel. 01-930 6393).

HAMPSTEAD THEATRE, 722 9301. Mon.-Fri. 8, Sats 5 & 8. Tickets £1.25 & £1.75. James Saunders' 'urbane & perceptive' new play, E. Standard. 'Bodies' with David Burke, Dinsdale Landen, Anne Stallybrass, Gwen Watford. 'One of the most acutely uncomfortable exposures of conflict within marriage' since Albee's 'Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?' E. News.

ROYAL COURT, 730 1745. Last week 'The Bear' by Chekhov & 'The Kreutzer Sonata' by Tolstoy. From 14 March Hull Truck in 'A Bed of Roses'.

RICHARD GOOLDEN
is alive and well and in his 84th year! He appears nightly in
TOM STOPPARD'S
'DIRTY LINEN'
NOW IN ITS 3RD YEAR!
ARTS THEATRE 836 3334

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

75p per line (average 6 words; minimum 2 lines) Box No 50p
Trade in Personal £1.00 Display, centimetre £4.25
Send copy to arrive Monday a.m. or telephone 01-405 8471
NEW STATESMAN, GREAT TURNSTILE, LONDON WC1V 7HJ

NATIONAL THEATRE, 928 2252. 'The Country Wife', 'The Plough and the Stars', 'The Cherry Orchard', 'The Lady from Maxim's', 'Bedroom Farce'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 928 2256.

THE SHAW ON SUNDAYS 6.00. 'The Irish Hebrew Lesson' by Wolf Mankowitz. With Leonard Fenton, Patrick Drury, Michael Low & Patrick Connor. 'Memorable,' D. Tel. 'Outstanding' Gdn. 100 Euston Rd. 01-388 1394. £1.25.

THEATRE ROYAL, WINDSOR, 95 61107. Until 18 March 'The Fatal Weakness' by George Kelley, with Elaine Stritch.

Cinema

SCREEN ON THE HILL, 435 3366 (opp. Belsize Park Tube). Visconti's 'The Innocent' (X). Progs at 2.05, 4.25, 6.45, 9.05.

Poetry

PATRICK FETHERSTON & Jessica D'Este will be reading recent poetry of theirs at Challoner Club, 61 Pont St, Chelsea, on 17 March, 7.30. Members 10p, non-membs 20p.

Exhibition

GANYMED GALLERY, 11 Gt Turnstile, WC1, 405 9836. Lithographs by Moore, Whiteley, Lowry, 18 & 19C prints by Daumier, Gavarni, Millet. List on request.

Meetings

BRITISH SOCIOLOGICAL ASSN Annual Conference 1978 'Culture', University of Sussex, 1-4 April. Dtls: BSA, 13 Endsleigh St, London WC1. Tel. 01-387 3627.

HOWARD LEAGUE
DAY CONFERENCE

'PRISONS AND THE COMMUNITY'

K. J. Neale OBE, AUSS Prison Department, Nicholas Stacey, Director of Social Services, Kent, K. L. Hollingsworth, Chief Probation Officer, Essex. Dr Marjorie Jones JP, member of Boards of Visitors, Birmingham and Featherstone Prisons. Tuesday, 4 April 1978 at Bedford College, London, 10.00-4.45. Fee £5 (HLPR members £4). Approved for Magistrates courses. Details: Howard League for Penal Reform, 125 Kennington Park Road, London SE11. (01-735 3773).

WOMEN AGAINST COMMON MARKET

A GRAND RALLY

Sun. 12 March, Trafalgar Sq., 2-5 p.m. Speakers include Miss Jo Richardson: MP, Barking and Tribune, Bob Wright: AUEW, Alf Lomas: Parliamentary Sec. to Co-op, Roy Douglas: Prospective Lib. candidate. Miss Manuela Sykes: Westminster Council. Barbara Fellows in chair.

TONY BENN MP speaks in Finchley on Tuesday 14 March 8 p.m. at Bishop Douglass School, Hamilton Road, East End Road, N2.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON: The John Coffin Memorial Lecture will be given by Professor A. G. Hopkins (University of Birmingham) entitled: 'The Future in the African Past' at University College London, (Chemistry Auditorium), Gower Street, London WC1 at 5.30 p.m. on Tuesday, 14 March 1978. Admission free, without ticket. Acadamic Registrar.

TRADE POLICY CONFERENCE 18 March, 10.45 a.m. - 4.45 p.m. Chair: Michael Meacher MP. Speakers: Bill Callaghan (TUC), Vincent Cable (ODI), Frank Judd MP, Prof. Robert Nield and Peter Oppenheimer. Tickets £1 from Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street SW1. 01-930 3077.

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL. South Africa Campaign. Rally 2 p.m. Saturday 18 March, Trafalgar Square. Speakers include Wendy Woods, Cosmas Desmond, former detainees, Alex Lyon MP. Also singing, dancing and poetry.

TIBET DAY. Saturday 11 March 2.30-5 p.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square. Tibetan Trad. Ceremonies, Dances, Films, Speakers. Food and Handicrafts. Admission 75p at door. All proceeds to Tibetan Refugees in India.

ISRAEL & SOUTH AFRICA — 2 Racist States! Speaker: Peter Hellyer (author of UN report on Israel/S. African economic ties). Sunday 12 March 2 p.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. Entry free. London Area, British Anti-Zionist Organisation (BAZO), c/o 58 Old Brompton Rd, SW7.

ALTERNATIVES FOR BRITAIN—OPPORTUNITIES AND RESPONSIBILITIES—IN A CHANGING WORLD

One day conference sponsored by Focus Group, Society for International Development, World Development Movement and other organisations on the North/South Dialogue.
Thursday 16 March 1978.
Speakers include Michael Shanks, Mr S. S. Ramphal, Commonwealth Secretary-General, Barbara Ward.
Registration £5 (lunch £3.50 extra) from Focus Group, Royal Commonwealth Society, Northumberland Ave., London WC2N 5BJ. Tel. 01-930 6733.

Meetings—continued on p. 339

At last...the return of the LEGENDARY MUSICAL...

JOHN REARDON
in
KISMET
with
LORNA DALLAS CHRISTOPHER HEWETT
CLIFTON TODD
also starring
JOAN DIENER
production directed by
ALBERT MARRE

The immortal score includes
"STRANGER IN PARADISE"
"BAUBLES BANGLES and BEADS"
"AND THIS IS MY BELOVED"

PREVIEWS FROM MARCH 13th
OPENS MARCH 21st

SHAFTESBURY THEATRE Tel:01-836 6596 (all credit cards accepted) **BOOK NOW**

Incorporating 'The Nation', 'The Athenaeum' and 'The Week-end Review'. Registered as a newspaper. Printed in England by Eden Fisher (Southend) Ltd. Published by The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co. Ltd., at Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ. Second class postage paid at New York NY.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED